Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W. B.'s favor is received, and he has our thanks for his attention. Till we get our hands clear of the quantity of racing intelligence on hand, it will be impossible to give insertion to so long an article; if published, however, the papers shall be sent.

To W. H. we have to say that we knew not how to direct, or he would have heard from us as to the dogs. Nothing definite has been settled, but the owner will write at haphazard.

To C. P. in Paris our best thanks are due.

A notice of Audubon's birds, and of new books, is crowded out to-day inevitably, with a quantity of sporting matter. We will do better next week.

Our report of the Doncaster races is taken from the London daily papers. "Bell's Life" of the 22d ult. may not be here for a month, and the report is too good to keep.

We are much indebted to J. W. W. for the *substantial* proof afforded of his regard for the "Spirit." The two missing Nos. have been forwarded to his address. We assure him that the testimony of many gentlemen from his city, now, and recently in New York, goes directly to contradict the assertion made to him by the "young gentlemen in office" alluded to in his letter. The utmost possible accuracy has always been aimed at in that department of our business, without regard to trouble or expense—though, of course, an omission may at times occur. It is the general charge that calls for our prompt denial.

We are again compelled to apologize to several gentlemen whose communications have been now for weeks in type. The press of racing reports has compelled us to omit them. Among these are papers from "Captain," "Morgan Rattler," "R. H. L." and others. In good time, all shall receive attention.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1839.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the steam ship Liverpool on Thursday last, we have London files to the evening of the 20th ult., and Liverpool to the 21st. The great news brought is the result of the St. Leger race, which, it will be seen, was won by the favorite, CHARLES XII. As the reader will perceive below, it was one of the most interesting races on record, Charles XII. and Euclid making the first dead heat ever made for the St. Leger. A gentleman who saw the race, speaks in the highest possible terms of Euclid as a fine looking, game horse, just suited to this country.

Bloomsbury was "no where" in the race, and there was suspicion of foul play, as will be seen by an extract from the following letter of a distinguished American turfman now abroad:—

"The Leger is over, and won, as you will see, by Charles XII.; Euclid and he ran a dead heat—Bloomsbury 'no where'—not shewing in front; it is a common opinion that he was made safe—certain it is that large sums were laid against him in a certain quarter, and that it was quite enough to induce his *purchase*, and he is said to be *sold;* but the suspicion was out before the race, and feeling on the subject was so great, that it is said it was wholesome to keep the secret. The complaints here are loud on this, and I assure you, if they do not put an end to Play or Pay bets, it must put down racing. Few people, as you will see, went to Doncaster; people have been done so often they are getting shy."

Notwithstanding these suspicions, we find the following item in the Morning Post of the 17th.

Bloomsbury took a strong gallop on Friday, and went well. He has a decidedly cracked heel, which of course influences him in the betting, although I did not think it did so in his gallop.

And again—

The owner of Bloomsbury left for town on Friday evening by the Wellington coach, which is considered by many a curious circumstance. The winner of the Derby has not carried off the St. Leger since the year 1800, and, from all I can collect, there is little probability that this year will form an exception to the general rule. He (Bloomsbury) galloped this morning: but did not please.

A still later paper states that Ridsdale had refused 3,000 guineas and half the stakes for Bloomsbury, or 4,000 guineas outright, but had refused the offer on the ground that the public had an interest in him.

A great deal of rain had fallen previous to the race, and the track was heavy. Fortunately the race was timed; the first was three minutes and twenty-five seconds; the deciding one, three minutes and forty-five seconds. The stakes, clear of deductions, were worth 2,925*l*. The winner is got by Voltaire, out of Wagtail (Laurel's dam), by Prime Minister, her dam by Orville, out of Miss Grimstone, by Weazel, her dam by Ancestor—dam Arabian—Sampson—Oronoka—Sister to Mirza.

Col. HETH, of Virginia, and Mr. SINGLETON, of South Carolina, returned by the Liverpool: the latter made purchases of stock, which we will notice next week. Maj. DAVIE, likewise, has made some purchases, for which we have not room to-day.

On the third page will be found some more correspondence upon the subject of the late Lady FLORA HASTINGS, condensed from the "Morning Post" of the 13th ult. It occupies a space in that paper which would fill one half of our sheet. We are determined not to allow the subject to drop, and in future numbers will follow up the speculations of the "Post" upon the subject. We believe that by the meanest, the most paltry intrigue, by false-hearted, and malignant scandal, an innocent lady has been most foully murdered.

The affairs of our Philadelphia "monster" occupy a considerable share of attention in the London journals; this attention was excited by the protest of a heavy bill drawn on HOTTINGUER and Co., of Havre. The news of this protest was however preceded here by the failure of the Bank at home, and we observe to-day (Friday) that her stock is quoted at 77, and at the second board we are told at 75. We rarely speak of money matters, but are admonished in this case to do so, by the "particularly tight" place in which we find ourselves by this failure. We have been praying people in Heaven's name to remit us their dues in United States Bank paper if possible, and lo! we are charged to-day 10 per cent for solid cash in exchanging our U. S. notes, Do not, however, dear reader, let this discourage you from remitting; the greater the shave, the more we want the money, and if another year the Whigs and Loco Focos between them cannot get the currency of the country straight, "York's tall son" will himself start on a canvass for the Presidency, and then see what a little practical good sense will do among the currency tinkers of both sides.

The Queen of England, it is now thought, will undoubtedly marry ALBERT of Saxe Cobourg—at least the London papers talk so. She is said to be fond of him, though the match will be awfully unpopular among her English subjects, who look now upon their German cousins much as old Harry the Eighth did upon Anne of Clives.

We have given as yet no full report of Lord Eglintoun's tournament, simply because we have seen none which interested ourselves beyond three minutes and a quarter. Should WILLIS have a great one in the "Corsair," we shal *cabbage* it next week in revenge for their stealing our "Week in the Woodlands" regularly.

DONCASTER RACES.—1839

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD AND GEO. LANE FOX, ESQ., M. P., STEWARDS.

SUNDAY NIGHT.—Notwithstanding the heavy rains which fell yesterday, the arrivals were numerous, and there was a tolerable muster at the betting-rooms in the evening. Speculation, however, was flat, and would not be worth notice but for two or three changes which took place in the St. Leger. Charles XII. was backed at 5 to 4, and was in high favour; not so Bloomsbury, about whom 7 to 2 was offered—there was an evident feeling against him. Euclid was at 10 to 1; Fitzambo, first at 25, and afterwards at 20 to 1 (taken); the Provost, at 20 to 1; Hetman Platoff, at 25 to 1 (taken), and Hyllus at 30 to 1. 5 to 1 that Fitzroy wins the 2 yr. old stakes on Thursday.

MONDAY—Sept. 16.

The state of agitation in which the sporting world has been kept by the Bloomsbury affair has given an interest to this meeting, or rather to the St. Leger, which, as a mere betting race, it would never have possessed, for, to speak the truth, the growing importance of Goodwood, Liverpool, and a few other meetings, has stript it of much of the splendour with which it was once invested. A favourable change took place this morning, but the gloomy influence of the incessant rain of the preceding day or two was observable in the appearance of the streets, which showed little of that animation we have witnessed on former occasions. "Lodgings to let" was seen in many windows, and prices were at a reduced scale. As the day advanced the clouds cleared off, and the cheerful gleams of sunshine filled all with hope; "hope," however, "told a flattering tale," for after an occasional shower during the first three raees, the rain descended in torrents, and hundreds were drenched to the skin in returning after the walk-over. The attendance on the course was far from numerous, nor did the grand stand make, by any means, a fashionable display, as well-wishers to the races could have desired. Amongst the visitors were the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, the Marquis of Titchfield, the Marquis of Westminster, the Marquis of Normandy, Earl Fitzwilliam and family, the Earl of Scarborough, the Earl of Lichfield, Count Harrack, the Earl of Harewood. Lords Maidstone, G. Bentinck, Kelburn, F. Fitzclarence, Hawke, Tenterden, Milton. Sirs J. (and lady) Gerard, David Baird, S. Clarke, J. Boswell, P. Nugent, F. Goodricke, H. Campbell, W. Milner. Hons. T. O. Powlett, Colonel Anson, G. Byng, M. Nugent, H. Brown, Captain Rous, Captain Hawke, M. Hawke, General Upton,—Mostyn,—Lawley. General Sharpe, Colonel Fullerton and family, Colonel Hare, Colonel Thompson, Colonel Crauford, Colonel Cradock, Major Hancock, Major Yarburgh. Captains Cardner, Macleod, Taylor, Freeston, Forbisher, Louth, Jones, Deedes, White, Whalley. Messrs. C. Wilson, Hawker, W. Ley, Hunter, Milbank, Worrall, Clive, F. Tharlton, G. Payne, Portman, Crommelin, Foulis, Rathbone, Buckley, Calvert, Orde, Fairlie, Chaytor, Hodgson, G. L. Fox, S. Johnson, Chandler, Bowes, A. W. Peel, J. Peel, Wormald, T. Hornby, Shalito, H. Thomson, J. Cholmondeley, D. Browne, Somers, J. Stanley, &c. &c.

The *Fitswilliam Stakes* of £10 each, with 30 added by the Corporation; one mile and a half; four subs.

Mr. Orde's b. m. *Bee's-wing*, 6 yrs	Cartwright	1
Mr. Howard's b. f. Antigua, 3 yrs	Lye	2
Mr. Bowes' ch. h. Epirus, 5 yrs	W. Scott	3
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. Alexandria, 3 yrs	J. Harrison	4

Betting: 7 to 2 on Bee's-wing, who made all the running, was never headed, and won in a canter by four lengths.

A *Handicap Sweepstakes* of £10 each, h. ft, with 30 added by the Corporation; St. Leger Course; four subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. *Kremlin*, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb	Benson	1
Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Industry, 4 yrs	Birbeck	2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Kremlin, who made play for about two hundred yards at a slow pace, and was then headed by Industry, who quickened the speed, and cut out all the work to the red house, where Kremlin resumed his lead, retained it, and won easy by a length and a half.

The *Champagne Stakes* of £50 each, h. ft, for two year old colts 8st 5lb, and fillies 8st 3lb; Red-house in; 21 subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. *Launcelot*, bro. to Touchstone	Scott	1
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Retainer	Nelson	2
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f by Belshazzar	Conelly	3

The following also started but were not placed by the judge:—Mr. Jaques's b. f. Interlude, by Physician; Duke of Cleveland's br. c. brother to Euclid, by Emilius; Lord Eglinton's b. c. Doctor Caius by Physician; Mr. Blakelock's ch. f., by Curtius, out of Fancy; and Mr. Orde's b. f Queen Bee, by Liverpool.—Betting, 5 to 4 against Launcelot; 4 to 1 against Queen Bee (taken); 5 to 1 against Brother to Euclid; and 7 to 1 against Interlude (taken). After one failure the horses got away, Brother to Euclid and the favourite having the worst of the start. The Curtius filly took the lead, with the Belshazzar filly and Interlude at her side, and Queen Bee and the Retainer colt behind; Launcelot joined them after running a short distance, but made no attempt to reach the front till the lot had rounded the turn into the straight running where he obtained the lead, the Belshazzar following him to the distance, where Interlude fell astern, and the Retainer colt took the second place; at the stand he made his rush, and made a good race home, the "crack" winning by a neck only: Brother to Euclid was fourth, and the Curtius filly fifth. After the race 18 to 1 was laid against Launcelot for the Derby, and 50 to 1 against the Retainer colt.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100gs.; Four miles.

Lord Westminster's *Cardinal Puff*	walked over

TUESDAY, Sept. 17.

This, the day of all days in the estimation of a Yorkshireman, opened bright, mild, and "racing like," as an old turfite expressed himself; in reality, it was all that the lovers of the sport could have wished, and the town, as a consequence, was speedily on the *qui vive*. Gigs, coaches, carts, and every kind of vehicle usually brought into play on great occasions, rattled (literally) in from all quarters, the majority of them being from Sheffield, which, as a sporting place, takes the lead in this part of her Majesty's dominions. Farmers on horseback, and labourers on foot, were not wanting to choke up the avenues, and complete an *ensemble* which, wanting as it was in many of the attributes of a St. Leger day in the olden time, was still one of uncommon interest and admiration.

The *Cleveland Stakes* of 20 sovs each, h. ft, with 50 added by the Corporation; One mile; 16 subs.

Lord Eglinton's ch. f. *Opera*, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb	Lye	1
Mr. Denham's b. c. Compensation, 4 yrs, 8st	Whitehouse	2
Mr. Tilburn's Master Allen, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb	G. Francis	3

The *Two year old Produce Stakes* of 20 sovs each, h. ft, colts 8st 5lb, and fillies 8st 3lb; four subs.

Lord Westminster's *Launcelot*	walked over

The *Four year old Stakes* of 20 sovs each, h. ft, with 50 added; colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 3lb; one mile and a half.

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. *Lanercost*, 4 yrs	Cartwright	1
Duke of Cleveland's Alzira	J. Day	2

The GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of £50 each, h. ft, for three yr. old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 2lb; second horse to receive £100; St. Leger Course; 107 subs.

Major Yarburgh's *Charles the Twelfth*	Scott	0	1
Mr. Thornhill's Euclid	Conelly	0	2

The following also started, but were not placed:—

Mr. W. Ridsdale's Bloomsbury	S. Rogers	0
Mr. Allen's Fitzambo	Marson	0
Mr. Clark's Dragsman	Macdonald	0
Col. Cradock's The Provost	Templeman	0
Col. Crauford's The Dolphin	Holmes	0
Mr. Dixon's Hyllus	S. Day	0
Lord Eglinton's Malvolio	Lye	0
Lord Kelburne's Purity colt	Calloway	0
Lord Lichfield's The Corsair	J. Day	0
Mr. Ramsay's Easingwold	Cartwright	0
Lord Westminster's Lord Mayor	Nelson	0
Mr. Wormald's Bolus	Hesseltine	0

After several fluctuations, the odds closed, at starting, at 6 to 4 on Charles XII.; 6 to 1 against Bloomsbury; 10 to 1 against Malvolio; 13 to 1 against Euclid; 30 to 1 against the Provost; 35 to 1 against Easingwold; 40 to 1 against The Lord Mayor; and 40 to 1 against the Corsair. We did not hear Hyllus or Bolus mentioned, and the prices against all but the first four were little better than nominal. At one moment 3 to 1 was betted on Charles, and Malvolio, 8 to 1 had the call of Bloomsbury. At four o'clock the horses appeared at the starting post, and, with one slight failure, got off in excellent style. After the first 200 yards, in which the jockies had enough to do to select and take their places, Charles took the lead at a rattling pace, followed by Bloomsbury, Bolus, Euclid (about fourth), The Dolphin, and Malvolio; the ruck behind them consisting of Hyllus, The Corsair, The Provost, Fitzambo, and The Lord Mayor, the Purity Colt and Dragsman bringing up the rear. At the foot of the hill Dragsman and Easingwold were some lengths astern, and the Purity colt, unable to live with this valuable pair, pulled up and returned. In the bottom, on the other side of it, the renowned Bloomsbury cried "enough," and, with a Bolus to cure his ailments, retired from the front rank. Euclid now took the second place, The Dolphin lying third, and Malvolio and The Provost next him, nearly abreast. They ran in this order over the deep ground near the Red House (the only part of the course that was heavy) and to the turn into the straight run in. Here The Dolphin dropped off, and Malvolio took her place. About a distance and a half from home Malvolio also gave up, leaving The Provost third in the race, and so he continued to the end. Euclid now began to draw upon the "great horse," but, as it is alleged, was driven so close to the rails that he never fairly collared him till they reached the distance post. The race was now entirely between these two—the "crack" Yorkshire nag, versus the Newmarket "pet," and a better or more interesting struggle was never seen on the Doncaster course. Euclid appeared to have the best of it at the commencement, but the "great" horse's stride told towards the end, and the judge, unable to award the victory to either, gave the first dead heat ever run for the St. Leger. The Provost was beaten three or four lengths, and defeated Malvolio by nearly two lengths. The Dolphin was fifth, Fitzambo sixth, and Bloomsbury seventh—all beaten off. The others were tailed off a long way, Dragsman being the last of the fourteen that came home.

The betting on the next heat, which was run after the Four Year Old Stakes, began at 6 to 4 on Charles, and finished at 6 to 5 on Euclid. The "little" horse took the lead at a bad pace for the first three quarters of a mile; he then made it good, still keeping his lead, the "great" horse waiting on him to the distance, where he challenged. A slashing race ensued, the North triumphing over the South by a head only! Doncaster never saw such St. Leger racing before.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18.

This is usually a very dull racing day at Doncaster, and nothing occurred this afternoon to change its character; the usual business was confined to the settling at the rooms, and the sales at the Salutation Inn, and large sums changed hands at both places. As the first mentioned proceeding has an important reference to the St. Leger, we shall dispose of it at once, by stating that it was slow but quiet, and comparatively harmless, thanks to the dead heat, which induced Charles the Twelfth's backers to adopt the prudential course of hedging their money to a considerable extent; had he won the first heat, we question if our report would have been so favourable. We did not hear of any great winners or losers; Scott's party, of course, netted a good, but, for the reason we have given, not a very large stake; one person, we understand, was absent, but there are grounds for expecting that his deficit, (a small one) will shortly be made good.

The *Foal Stakes* of £100 each, h. ft, for three year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb; one mile and a half; 7 subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. *Sleight of Hand*	walked over

The *Doncaster Stakes* of £10 each, with 50 added by the Corporation; three year olds 6st 10lb, four 8st, five 8st 9lb, six and aged 9st; two miles; 7 subs.

Duke of Cleveland's *Kremlin*	Lye	1
Lord Westminster's Cardinal Puff	W. Scott	2

5 to 4 on Kremlin. The Cardinal made play to the stand, where Kremlin went up, and after a good race, won by a head.

The *Selling Stakes* of £10 each, with 30 added by the Corporation; three year olds 6st 12lb, four 8st, five 8st 7lb: six and aged 8st 10lb; St. L. C; 5 subs.

Mr. Etty's *The Quack*	Lye	1
Mr. Smith's Memento	Benson	2
Lord Chesterfield's f. by Priam	G. Nelson	3
Mr. S. Hing's Tivy	W. Oates	4

6 to 4 on Memento, and 5 to 2 agst Quack. The Priam filly made nearly all the running the Red-house, where The Quack and Memento went by her; after running together to the distance, The Quack took the lead, kept it, and won easy.

The *Corporation Plate* of £60; the owner of the second horse to receive 15 guineas; three year olds 6st 10lb, four 7st 12lb, five 8st 5lb; six and aged 8st 12lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; two mile heats; 5 subs.

Lord's Eglinton ch. f. *Opera*, 4 yrs	Lye	1	3	1
Mr. Milner's br. c. Humphrey, 4 yrs	J. Marson	3	1	3
Mr. Bowes' The Diver, 3 yrs	G. Francis	4	2	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by Priam, 3 yrs	Birbeck	2	dr	

First heat: 6 to 4 on Opera; won very easily.—Second heat: 2 to 1 on Opera, and 3 to 1 agst Humphrey; won easily.—Third heat: won cleverly by nearly a length.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19.

The *Three year old Stakes* of £200 each, h. ft, colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 3lb; St. Leger Course; 15 subs.

Mr. Bowes' b. c. *Epidaurus*	W. Scott	1
Lord Lichfield's bl. c. The Corsair	J. Day	2
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Bloomsbury	S. Rogers	3

7 to 4 on Bloomsbury, 3 to 1 agst Epidaurus, and 5 to 1 agst The Corsair. Won easy by above two lengths; Bloomsbury about the same distance behind The Corsair.

The *Gascoigne Stakes* of £100 each, 30 ft, for three year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 2lb; St. L. C.; 5 subs.

Lord Westminster's ch. c. *The Lord Mayor*	W. Scott	1
Col. Cradock's br. c. The Provost	Templeman	2
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Kremlin, by Sultan	Lye	3

5 to 4 on The Provost, 6 to 4 agst Kremlin, and 4 to 1 agst Lord Mayor.—A beautiful race, and won by half a length.

The *Two year old Stakes* of £20 each, for colts 8st 5lb, and fillies 8st 2lb; T.Y.C.; 25 subscribers.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. *Brother to Euclid*	Lye	1
Lord Westminster's br. c. Launcelot	W. Scott	2
Mr. Howard's ch. c. Fitzroy, by Belshazzar	J. Marson	3
Mr. Parkin's br. c. Naworth, by Liverpool	H. Edwards	0
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Langar	J. Day	0
Mr. Bell's b. f La Femme Sage, by Gainsborough	Hesseltine	0
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Retainer, out of Emilia	Nelson	0
Mr. S. Paul's b f. Calypso, by Liverpool	Cartwright	0
Mr. Bowes' br. c. Black Beck, by Mulatto	Templeman	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. by Belshazzar	Conelly	0

2 to 1 agst Launcelot, 3 to 1 agst the Langar colt, 4 to 1 agst Naworth, 5 to 1 agst Fitzroy, and 6 to 1 against Black Beck.—Won by half a neck, and the third a neck behind the second.

The *Gold Cup* value 400 guineas, given by the Stewards, with £50 added by the Corporation; three year olds 7st, four 8st 3lb, five 8st 10lb, six and aged 9st; the winner of the St. Leger to carry 3lb extra; about two miles and five furlongs.

Major Yarburgh's *Charles the Twelfth*, 3 yrs	Lye	1
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Lanercost, by Liverpool, 4 yrs	Cartwright	2
Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, 6 yrs	J. Holmes	3
Mr. Denham's b. c. Compensation, 4 yrs	Templeman	4

Even on Charles XII., 2 to 1 agst Bee's-wing, 4 to 1 agst Lanercost, and 2 to 1 agst Compensation. Won by a head.

The weight of the cup this year is five hundred ounces, and the height three feet four inches. The Cup is of the graceful Etruscan form, having on two of its sides bas-reliefs of horses, one of the groupes representing them at speed, and the other in repose. This latter group, which is beautifully modelled, exhibits the old English horse, the Arab, and their progeny the present racer. From the other side spring elegant scroll handles, surmounted by two griffins, which are the supporters of the coat of arms of the town of Doncaster. The cup stands on a plinth of polished black marble, and the whole is of a very superior order of design and workmanship. With the exception of the celebrated Goodwood Shield, we know of no prize equal to the present cup for size and beauty.

BETTING AT DONCASTER ON WEDNESDAY.

THE DERBY.

12 to 1 agst	Lord Jersey's two	33 to 1 agst	Margellina (tk)
18 to 1 ——	Launcelot (tk)	40 to 1 ——	Bro. to Melbourne
25 to 1 ——	Emigrant's dam	40 to 1 ——	Plenipo colt (tk)
30 to 1 ——	Angelica (tk)	40 to 1 ——	Maroon (tk)
30 to 1 ——	Perseus (tk)	50 to 1 ——	Fitzroy (tk)
33 to 1 ——	Bro. to Euclid (tk)		

PETE FEATHERTON.

Every country has its superstitions, and will continue to have them, so long as men are blessed with lively imaginations, and while any portion of mankind remain ignorant of the causes of natural phenomena. That which cannot be reconciled with experience, will always be attributed to supernatural influence; and those who know little, will imagine much more to exist than has ever been witnessed by their own senses. I am not displeased with this state of things, for the journey of life would be dull indeed, if those who travel it were confined forever to the beaten highway, worn smooth by the sober feet of experience.—To turnpikes, for our beasts of burden, I have no objection; but I cannot consent to the erection of railways for the mind, even though the architect be "wisdom, whose rays are pleasant, and whose paths are peace." It is sometimes agreeable to stray off into the wilderness which fancy creates, to recline in fairy bowers, and to listen to the murmurs of imaginary fountains. When the beaten road becomes tiresome, there are many sunny spots where the pilgrim may loiter with advantage—many shady paths, whose labyrinths may be traced with delight. The mountain and the vale, on whose scenery we gaze enchanted, derive new charms, when their deep caverns and gloomy recesses are peopled with imaginary beings.

But above all, the enlivening influence of fancy is felt, when it illumines our firesides, giving to the wings of time, when they grow heavy, a brighter plummage, and a more sprightly motion. There are seasons, when the spark of life within us seems to burn with less than its wonted vigor; the blood crawls heavily through the veins; the contagious dullness seizes on our companions, and the sluggish hours roll painfully along. Something more than a common impulse is then required to awaken the indolent mind, and give a new tone to the flagging spirits. If necromancy draws her magic circle, we cheerfully enter the ring; if folly shakes her cap and bells, we are amused: a witch becomes an interesting personage, and we are even agreeably surprised by the companionable qualities of a ghost.

We, who live on the frontier, have little acquaintance with imaginary beings. These gentry never emigrate; they seem to have strong local attachments, which not even the charms of a new country can overcome. A few witches, indeed, were imported into New England by the fathers; but were so badly used, that the whole race seems to have been disgusted with new settlements. With them, the spirit of adventure expired, and the weird women of the present day wisely cling to the soil of the old countries. That we have but a few ghosts will not be deemed a matter of surprise by those who have observed how miserably destitute we are of accommodations for such inhabitants. We have no baronial castles, nor ruined mansions; no turrets crowned with ivy, nor ancient abbeys crumbling into decay; and it would be a paltry spirit who would be content to wander in the forest, by silent rivers and solitary swamps.

It is even imputed to us as a reproach by enlightened foreigners, that our land is altogether populated with the living descendants of Adam—creatures with thews and sinews, who eat when they are hungry, laugh when they are tickled, and die when they are done living. The creatures of romance say they exist not in our territory. A witch, a ghost, or a brownie, perishes in America, as a serpent is said to die the instant it touches the uncongenial soil of Ireland.—This is true, only in part. If we have no ghosts, we are not without miracles. Wonders have happened in these United States. Mysteries have occurred in the valley of the Mississippi. Supernatural events have transpired on the borders of "the beautiful stream;" and in order to rescue my country from undeserved reproach, I shall proceed to narrate an authentic history which I received from the lips of the party principally concerned.

A clear morning had succeeded a stormy night in December; the snow laid ankle deep upon the ground, and glittered on the boughs, while the bracing air, and the cheerful sunbeams, invigorated the animal creation, and called forth the tenants of the forest from their warm lairs and hidden lurking places.

The inmates of a small cabin, on the margin of the Ohio, were commencing with the sun the business of the day. A stout, raw-boned forester plied his keen axe, and, lugging log after log, erected a pile in the ample hearth, sufficiently large to have rendered the last honors to a stateliest ox. A female was paying her morning visit to the cow yard, where a numerous herd of cattle claimed her attention. The plentiful breakfast followed; corn-bread, milk, and venison, crowned the oaken board, while a tin coffee-pot of ample dimensions supplied the beverage which is seldom wanting at the morning repast of the substantial American peasant.

The breakfast over, Mr. Featherton reached down a long rifle from the rafters, and commenced certain preparations fraught with danger to the brute inhabitants of the forest. The lock was carefully examined, the screws tightened, the pan wiped, the flint renewed, and the springs oiled; and the keen eye of the backwoodsman glittered with an ominous lustre, as its glance rested on the destructive engine. His blue-eyed partner, leaning fondly on her husband's shoulder, essaying those coaxing and captivating blandishments, which every young wife so well understands, to detain her husband from the contemplated sport. Every pretext which her ingenuity supplied, was urged with affectionate pertinacity; the wind whistled bleakly over the hills, the snow lay deep in the valleys, the deer would surely not venture abroad in such bitter cold weather, his toes might be frost-bitten, and her own hours be sadly lonesome in his absence. The young hunter smiled in silence at the arguments of his bride, for such she was, and continued his preparations.

He was indeed a person with whom such arguments, except the last, would not be very likely to prevail. Pete Featherton, as he was familiarly called by his acquaintance, was a bold rattling Kentuckian, of twenty-five, who possessed the characteristic peculiarities of his countrymen—good and evil—in a striking degree. His red hair and sanguine complexion announced an ardent temperament; his tall form, and bony limbs, indicated an active frame inured to hardships; his piercing eye and tall cheek-bones, evinced the keenness and resolution of his mind. He was adventurous, frank, and social—boastful, credulous, illiterate, and at times, wonderfully addicted to the marvellous. He loved his wife, was true to his friends, never allowed a bottle to pass untasted, nor turned his back upon a frolic.

He believed that the best qualities of all countries were centered in Kentucky; but had a whimsical manner of expressing his attachment. He was firmly convinced that the battle of the Thames was the most sanguinary conflict of the age, and extolled Col. Johnson as "a severe colt." He would admit that Napoleon was a great genius; but insisted that he was "no part of a priming" to Henry Clay. When entirely "at himself,"—to use his own language,—that is to say, when duly sober, Pete was friendly and rational, and a better tempered soul never shouldered a rifle. But let him get a dram too much, and there was no end to his extravagance. It was then that he would slap his hands together, spring perpendicularly into the air with the activity of a rope-dancer, and after uttering a yell, which the most accomplished Winnebago might be proud to own, swear that he was the "best man in the country, and could whip his weight in wild cats!" and after many other extravagances, conclude that he could "ride through a crab-apple orchard on a streak of lightning!"

In addition to this, which one would think was enough for any reasonable man, Pete would brag that he had the best rifle, the prettiest wife, and the fattest nag in all Kentuck; and that no man dare say to the contrary. It is but justice to remark, that there was more truth in this last boast than is usually found on such occasions, and that Pete had no small reason to be proud of his horse, his gun, and his rosy-cheeked companion.

These, however, were the happy moments which are few and far between; for every poet will bear us witness from his own experience, that the human intellect is seldom indulged with those brilliant inspirations which gleam over the turbid stream of existence, as the meteor flashes through the gloom of the night. When the fit was off, Pete was as listless a soul as one would see of a summer's day—strolling about with a grave aspect, a drawling speech, and a deliberate gait, a stoop of the shoulders, and a kind of general relaxation of the whole inward and outward man—in a state of entire freedom from restraint, reflection, and want, and without any impulse strong enough to call forth his manhood—as the panther, with whom he so often compared himself, when his appetite for food is sated, sleeps calmly in his lair, or wanders harmlessly through his native thickets.

It will be readily perceived that our hunter was not one who could be turned from his purpose by the prospect of danger or fatigue; and a few moments sufficed to complete his preparations. His feet were cased in moccasins and wrappers of buckskin; and he was soon accoutred with his quaintly curved powder-horn, pouch, flints, patches, balls, and a long knife; and throwing "Brown Bess"—for so he called his rifle—over his shoulder, he sallied forth.

But in passing a store hard by, which supplied the country with gunpowder, whiskey, and other necessaries, he was hailed by some of his neighbors, one of whom challenged him to swap rifles. Pete was one of those who would not receive a challenge without throwing it back. Without the least intention, therefore, of parting with his favorite rifle, he continued to banter back—making offers like a skilful diplomatist, which he knew would not be accepted, and feigning eagerness to accede to any reasonable proposition while inwardly resolved to reject all, he magnified the perfections of Brown Bess.

"She can do any thing but talk," said he—"If she had legs, she could hunt by herself. It is a pleasure to *tote* her—and I naterally believe, there is not a rifle south of Green river, that can throw a ball so far, or so true."

These discussions consumed much time, and much whiskey—for the rule on such occasions is, that he who rejects an offer to trade, must treat the company, and thus every point in the negotiation costs a pint of spirits.

At length, bidding adieu to his companions, Pete struck off into the forest. Lightly crushing the snow beneath his active feet, he beat up the coverts, and traversed all the accustomed haunts of the deer. He mounted every hill and descended into every valley—not a thicket escaping the penetrating glance of his practised eye. Fruitless labor! Not a deer was to be seen. Pete marvelled at this unusual circumstance, and was the more surprised when he began to find that the woods were less familiar to him than formerly. He thought he knew every tree within ten miles of his cabin; but, now, although he certainly had not wandered so far, some of the objects around him seemed strange, while others again were easily recognized; and there was altogether, a singular confusion of character in the scenery, which was partly familiar, and partly new; or rather, in which the component parts were separately known, but were so mixed up, and changed in relation to each other, as to baffle even the knowledge of an expert woodsman. The more he looked, the more he was bewildered. He came to a stream which had hitherto rolled to the west; but now its course pointed to the east; and the shadows of the tall trees, which, according to Pete's philosopy, ought, at noon, to fall to the north, all pointed to the south. He cast his eye upon his own shadow, which had never deceived him—when lo! a still more extraordinary phenomenon presented itself. It was travelling round him like the shade of a dial—only a thousand times faster, as it versed round the whole compass in the course of a single minute.

It was very evident, too, from the dryness of the snow, and the brittleness of the twigs, which snapped off as he brushed his way through the thickets, that the weather was intensely cold; and yet the perspiration was rolling in large drops from his brow. He stopped at a clear spring, and thrusting his hands into the cold water, attempted to carry a portion of it to his lips; but the element recoiled and hissed, as if his hands and lips had been composed of red hot iron. Pete felt quite puzzled when he reflected on all these contradictions in the aspect of nature; and he began to consider what act of wickedness he had been guilty of, which could have rendered him so hateful, that the deer fled, the streams turned back, and the shadows danced round their centre at his approach.

He began to grow alarmed, and would have turned back, but was ashamed to betray such weakness, even to himself, and being naturally bold, he resolutely kept his way. At last, to his great joy, he espied the tracks of the deer imprinted in the snow—and dashing into the trail, with the alacrity of a well trained hound, he pursued in hopes of overtaking the game. Presently he discovered the tracks of a man, who had struck the same trail in advance of him, and supposing it to be one of his neighbors, he quickened his pace, as well to gain a companion in sport, as to share the spoil of his fellow hunter. Indeed, in his present situation and feelings, Pete thought he would be willing to give half of what he was worth, for the bare sight of a human face.

"I don't like the signs, no how," said he, casting a rapid glance around him; and then throwing his eyes down at his own shadow, which had ceased its rotary motion and was now swinging from right like a pendalum—"I don't like the signs, I feel sort o' jubus. But I'll soon see, whether other people's shadows act the fool like mine."

Upon farther observation, there appeared to be something peculiar in the human tracks before him which were evidently made by a pair of feet, of which one was larger than the other. As there was no person in the settlement who was thus deformed, Pete began to doubt whether it might not be the Devil, who, in borrowing shoes to conceal his cloven hoofs, might have got those that were not fellows. He stopped and scratched his head, as many a learned philosopher has done, when placed between the horns of a dilemma less perplexing than that which now vexed the spirit of our hunter. It was said long ago—that there is a tide in the affairs of men, and although our friend Pete had never seen this sentiment in black and white, yet it is one of those truths, which are written in the heart of every reasonable being, and was only copied by the poet from the great book of nature. It readily occurred to Pete on this occasion. And as he had enjoyed through life a tide of success, he reflected whether the stream of fortune might not have changed its course, like the brooks he had crossed, whose waters, for some sinister reason, seemed to be crawling up-hill. But, again, it occurred to him, that to turn back would argue a want of courage, which he had been taught to consider as the chief of the cardinal virtues.

"I can't back out," said he. "I never was raised to it, no how;—and if so-be the devil's a mind to hunt in this range, he shan't have all the game."

He soon overtook the person in advance of him, who, as he had suspected, was a perfect stranger. He had halted, and was quietly seated on a log, gazing at the sun, when Pete approached, and saluted him with the usual—"How are you stranger?" The latter made no reply, but continued to gaze at the sun, as if t6tally unconscious that any other person was present He was a small, thin, old man, with a gray beard of about a month's growth, and a long, sallow, melancholy visage; while a tarnished suit of snuff-colored clothes, cut after the quaint fashion of some religious sect, hung loosely about his shrivelled person.

Our hunter, somewhat awed, now coughed—threw the butt end of the gun heavily upon the ground—and still failing to elicit any attention, quietly seated himself on the end of the same log which the stranger occupied. Both remained silent for some minutes—Pete with open mouth and glaring eye-balls, observing his companion in mute astonishment, and the latter looking at the sun.

"It's a warm day, this," said Pete, at length, passing his hand across his brow as he spoke, and sweeping off the heavy drops of perspiration that hung there. But receiving no answer, he began to get nettled. His native assurance, which had been damped by the mysterious deportment of the person who sat before him, revived; and screwing his courage to the sticking point, he arose, approached the silent man, and slapping him on the back, exclaimed,

"Well, stranger, don't the sun look mighty droll away out there in the north?"

As the heavy hand fell on his shoulder, the stranger slowly turned his face towards Pete, who recoiled several paces; then rising, without paying our hunter any further attention, he began to pursue the trail of the deer. Pete prepared to follow, when the other, turning upon him with a stern glance, enquired,

"Who are you tracking?"

"Not you," replied the hunter, whose alarm had subsided when the enemy began to retreat; and whose pride, piqued by the abruptness with which he had been treated, enabled him to assume his usual boldness of manner.

"What do you trail, then?"

"I trail deer."

"You must not trail them further—they are mine."

The sound of the stranger's voice broke the spell which had hung over Pete's natural impudence, and he now shouted,

"Your deer! That's droll, too! Who ever heard of a man claiming deer in the woods?"

"Provoke me not—I tell you they are mine."

"Well, now, you're a comical chap! Why, man, the deer are wild. They're jist natural to the woods here, the same as the timber. You might as well say the wolves and the panthers are yours, and all the rest of the wild varmints."

"The tracks you behold here are wild deer, undoubtedly; but they are mine. I roused them from their bed, and am driving them to my home, which is not of this country."

"Couldn't you take a pack or two of wolves along?" said Pete, sneeringly. "We can spare you a small gang. It's mighty woolfy about here."

"If you follow me any further, it is at your peril!" said the stranger.

"You don't suppose I'm to be skeered, do you? You musn't come over them words agin. There's no back out in none of my breed."

"I repeat——"

"You had best not repeat,—I allow no man to repeat in my presence,"—interrupted the irritated woodsman. "I'm Virginia born, and Kentucky raised, and drot my skin! if I take the like of that from any man that ever wore shoe leather."

"Desist! rash man, from altercation. I despise your threats."

"I tell you what, stranger," said Pete, endeavoring to imitate the coolness of the other, "as to the matter of a deer or two—I don't vally them to the tantamount of this here cud of tobacco; but I'm not to be backed out of my tracks. So, keep off, stranger! Don't come fooling about me. I feel mighty woolfy about the head and shoulders. Keep off, I say, or you might get hurt!"

With this the hunter, to use his own language, "squared himself, and sot his triggers,"—fully determined, either to hunt the disputed game, or to be vanquished in combat. To his surprise, the stranger without appearing to notice his preparations, advanced, and blew with his breath upon his rifle.

"Your gun is charmed!" said he. "From this time forward, you kill no deer." And so saying he deliberately resumed his journey.

Pete Featherton remained a minute or two, lost in confusion. He then thought he would pursue the stranger, and punish him as well for his threats, as for the insult intended to his gun; but a little reflection induced him to change his decision. The confident manner in which that mysterious being had spoken, together with a kind of vague assurance within his own mind, that the spell had really taken effect, so unmanned him, that he quietly "took the back track," and sauntered homewards. He had not gone far, before he saw a fine buck, half concealed among the hazel bushes which beset his path, and resolving to know at once how matters stood between Brown Bess and the pretended conjuror, he took a deliberate aim, fired, and—away bounded the buck unharmed!

With a heavy heart, our mortified forester re-entered his dwelling, and replaced his degraded weapon in its accustomed berth under the rafters.

"You have been long gone," said the wife;—"but where is the venison you promised me?"

Pete was constrained to confess he had shot nothing.

"That is strange!" said the lady. "I never knew you fail before."

Pete framed twenty excuses. He had felt unwell; his rifle was out of fix, and there was not many deer stirring.

Had not Pete been a very young husband, he would have known that the vigilant eye of a wife is not to be deceived by feigned apologies. Mrs. Featherton saw that something had happened to her helpmate, more than he was willing to confess; and being quite as tenacious as himself, in her reluctance about being "backed out of her tracks," she advanced firmly to her object, and Pete was compelled to own, "that he believed Brown Bess was somehow—sort o'—charmed."

"Now, Mr. Featherton!" said his sprightly bride, "are you not ashamed to tell me such a tale as that! Ah, well! I know how it is. You have been down at the store, shooting at a mark for half pints!"

"No, indeed!" replied the husband emphatically, "I wish I may be kissed to death, if I've pulled a trigger for a drop of liquor this day."

"Well, do now—that's a good dear! tell me where you have been, and what has happened? For never did Pete Featherton, and Brown Bess fail to get a venison any day in the year."

Soothed by this well-timed compliment, and willing perhaps, to have the aid of counsel in this trying emergency, Pete narrated minutely to his wife all the particulars of his meeting with the mysterious stranger. Unfortunately, the good lady was as wonder struck as himself, and unable to give any advice. She simply prescribed bathing his feet and going to bed; and Pete, though he could not perceive how this was to affect his gun, passively submitted.

On the following day, when Pete awoke, the events which we have described appeared to him as a dream, and resolving to know the truth, he seized his gun, and hastened to the woods. But, alas! every experiment produced the same vexatious result: The gun was charmed! and the hunter stalked harmlessly through the forest. Day after day, he went forth and returned, with no better success. The very deer themselves became sensible of his inoffensiveness, and would raise their heads, and gaze mildly at him as he passed; or throw back their horns and bound carelessly across his path! Day after day, and week after week, passed without bringing any change; and Pete began to feel very ridiculously. He could imagine no situation more miserable than his own. To walk through the woods, to see the game, to come within gunshot of it, and yet to be unable to kill a deer, seemed to be the *ne plus ultra* of human wretchedness. There was a littleness, an insignificance attached to the idea of not being able to kill a deer, which to Pete's mind was downright disgrace. More than once he was tempted to throw his gun into the river; but the excellence of the weapon, and the recollection of former exploits, as often restrained him; and he continued to stroll through the woods, firing now and then at a fat buck, under the hope that the charm would sometime or other expire by its own limitation; but the fat bucks continued to frisk fearlessly in his path.

At length, Pete bethought himself of a celebrated Indian doctor, who lived at no great distance. An Indian doctor, be it known, is not necessarily a descendant of the aborigines. The title, it is true, originates in the confidence which many of our countrymen repose in the medical skill of the Indian tribes. But to make an Indian doctor, a red skin, is by no means indispensable. To have been taught by a savage, to have seen one, or, at all events, to have heard of one, is all that is necessary to enable an individual to practise this lucrative and popular branch of the healing art. Your Indian doctor is one who practises without a diploma and without physic? who neither nauseates the stomach with odious drugs; nor mars the fair proportions of nature with the sanguinary lancet. He believes in the sympathy which is supposed to exist between the body and the mind, which, like the two arms of a Syphon, always preserve a corresponding relation to each other; and the difference between him and the regular physician is, that they operate at different points of the same figure; the one practising on the immaterial spirit, while the other boldly grapples with the bones and muscle. I cannot determine which is in the right; but must award to the Indian doctor at least this advantage, that his art is the most widely beneficial; for while your doctor of medicine restores a lost appetite, his rival can, in addition, recover a strayed or stolen horse. If the former can bring back a faded lustre of a fair maiden's cheek, the latter can remove the spell from a churn or a rifle.

To a sage of this order did Pete disclose his misfortune, and apply for relief. The doctor examined the gun; and having measured the calibre of the bore with the same solemnity with which he would have felt the pulse of a patient, directed the applicant to call again. At the appointed time the hunter returned and received two balls—one of pink, the other of a silver hue. The doctor instructed him to load his piece with one of these balls, which he pointed out, and proceed through the woods to a certain hollow, at the head of which was a spring; here he would find a white fawn, at which he was to shoot; it would be wounded, but would escape, and he was to pursue its trail until he found a buck, which he was to kill with the other ball. If he accomplished all this accurately, the charm would be broken.

Pete, who was well acquainted with all the localities, carefully pursued the route which had been indicated, treading lightly along, sometimes elated with the prospect of speedily breaking the spell—sometimes doubting the skill of the doctor, and ashamed alternately of his doubts and of his belief. At length he reached the lonely glen; and his heart bounded as he beheld the white fawn quietly grazing by the fountain. The ground was open, and he was unable to get within his usual distance before the fawn raised her head, looked mournfully around, and snuffed the breeze, as if conscious of the approach of danger. His heart palpitated. It was a long shot, and a bad chance; but he dared not advance from his concealment.

"Luck's a lord," said he, as he drew up his gun and pulled the trigger. The fawn bounded aloft at the report, and then darted away through the brush, while the hunter hastened to examine the signs. To his great joy, he found the blood profusely scattered; and now flushed with the confidence of success, he stoutly rammed down the other ball, and pursued the trail of the wounded fawn. Long did he trace the crimson drops upon the snow without beholding the promised victim. Hill after hill he climbed, vale after vale he passed, searching every thicket with penetrating eyes; and he was about to renounce the chase, the wizard, and the gun, when, lo! directly in his path, stood a noble buck, with numerous antlers branching over his fine head!

"Ah, ha! my jolly fellow! I've found you out at last!" said the hunter; "you're the very chap I've been looking for. Your blood shall wipe off the disgrace from my charming Bess, that never missed fire, burned priming, nor cleared the mark in her born days, till that vile Yankee witch cursed her! Here she goes!——"

He shot the buck. His rifle was restored to favor, and he never again wanted venison.

Lexington Intelligencer.

BEAR HUNTING IN INDIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT OF THE ERA.

Sir,—Being stationed with a portion of the 30th Bengal Native Infantry, at Pooree Juggernauth, in the East Indies, I and the officers of that corps made an excursion into the interior, to view the ruins of the Black Pagoda. The above temple is situated hard by the Bay of Bengal, and embosomed in an immense forest. The place was notorious for bears and hyenas, and, indeed, the country around was infested with tigers, leopards, &c., which were in the habit of preying on the unlucky pilgrims who were constantly traversing these wild wastes, on their way to the shrine of their tutelary idol. On our arrival at the ruins, we were informed by a *Faquir* (mendicant), that a Brahminee bull had been carried off the premises of a ryott, living near the Pagoda, two nights before, and we were convinced that there was reason to believe the man, as two bullocks lay on the sands partially devoured. Besides, we could trace the imprints both of tigers and panthers along the dry arena of the beach.

Whilst we were surveying these surprising works of art, which far surpass any thing else, in the shape of architecture, throughout India, a cowherd came up to us hurriedly, stating that a bear had just passed by his cottage, and that if we would follow him he would point out his lair. We mustered three double-barrelled guns, and proceeded with the man. After some sinuous turns we came into a small compartment of rice stubble, through which we passed, until we arrived at a very thick patch of *Mysore* thorn, around which were many culminating eminences raised by the white ant, when our guide pointed his finger to a particular spot, intimating that *Bruin* was there. The man advanced to the hedgerow, which he began to belabor with a long bamboo pole, when the bear grumbled and came out of the thicket about twelve yards above where the cowherd was standing. He presented a fair mark to us, and we fired, all three, nearly together, when he rolled over and over, emitting most hideous and distressing moans. We now threw the contents of our reserved barrels into the animal, and almost immediately despatched him. He was not more than three parts grown, and one of his fore feet was distorted, as if he had suffered in a conflict with some more powerful beast. Not having hands enough to remove him, we were obliged to leave him a prey to the hyenas and jackals. On quitting this ugly panorama, we came again upon the sands, and as it was getting towards sunset we retrograded towards Pooree. On our route we saw several hyenas busily engaged in picking the bones of the dead pilgrims that lay exposed upon the sands; we fired at them, but our balls did not take effect. A native sportsman brought down to us, on the following day, on a large truck, a tremendous tiger, which he had shot the previous night; Mr. Wilkinson, the collector, rewarded him with the government grant of 10 rupees, and desired the animal to be skinned—the skins of tigers and leopards are used in India as "hookah" carpets, for smoking.

London Era. A Constant Reader of the Era.

The non arrival of the Great Western would be a sad calamity to the New York editors, if it were not for the appearance of Miss Maywood at the Park theatre.

Boston Post.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

[A long correspondence respecting this lamented lady was published in the London Morning Post. Some part of the correspondence is a republication of letters and statements which have already appeared, but the following, we believe, are new to the reader.]

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

"Burlington Hotel, Sept. 13, 1839.

"On the morning of the 20th February I received, at Donington Park, a letter from my sister, the late Lady Flora Hastings, dated the 19th of February, informing me that her honor had been most basely assailed, but entering into no particulars.

"On the receipt of this I hastened instantly to London, and, on repairing to my sister, was horror-struck by learning from her own lips, for the first time, a partial outline of the disgusting truths which are now, alas! but too well known to the public, to need any further repetition from me. She said at once, that she felt it a duty she owed to herself, her mistress, and her family, to submit to the inhuman trials she underwent, in the presence of (to use her own words) her accuser, Lady Portman, Sir James Clark, and her own maid (whose deposition is now certified upon oath). Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke, long known to her family, was also chosen by my poor sister to attend her. I may here very properly place the statement of my sister, Lady Flora Hastings, merely remarking that I learned from her own lips that the examination to which she was subjected, was conducted with more than ordinary disregard to delicacy and to her feelings.

"HASTINGS."

Statement in the Handwriting of the Lady Flora Hastings, March, 1839.

SUBMITTED IN THE FORM OF A CASE TO SIR WILLIAM FOLLETT AND MR. TALBOT.

"I came into waiting on the 10th of January. The ladies then in waiting were, Lady Charlemont, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Spring Rice, and Miss Paget. Baroness Lehzen and Miss Davys are in constant waiting. The same day, having been suffering from bilious illness since the beginning of December, I consulted Sir James Clark, her Royal Highness's physician, and placed myself under his treatment.

"At the expiration of that fortnight Lady Harriet Clive took Mrs. Campbell's place, and Lady Barham Lady Charlemont's. And, a few days before the meeting of Parliament, Lady Tavistock came to the Palace to attend her Majesty on that occasion, and to the theatres. She remained about a week or ten days. Before she quitted, Lady Portman, Lady Caroline Barrington, and Miss Murray, came into waiting.

"On the 16th of February, Sir James Clark came to me, and asked me whether I were privately married, giving, as his reason, that my figure had excited the remarks of the 'ladies of the palace.' On my emphatic denial he became excited, urged me 'to confess,' as 'the only thing to save me,' stated his own conviction to agree with that of the 'ladies,' that it had occurred to him at the first, that 'no one could look at me and doubt it,' and remarks even yet more coarse.

"I observed to him that the swelling from which I had been suffering was very much reduced, and offered him the proof of my dresses. He replied, 'Well, I don't think so. You seem to me to grow larger every day, and so the ladies think.' He proceeded to say it was the only supposition which could explain my appearance and state of health, 'or else you must have had some very bad illness.' I said that was possible, I had thought badly of my state of health, but that his supposition was untrue and perfectly groundless. He ended by assuring me 'that nothing but a medical examination could satisfy the ladies of the Palace, so deeply were their suspicions rooted,' and that he must inform Lady Portman, who had been his *confidante*, of my denial. He returned with reiteration of what he had already sa d, and, *I think, but I will not be positive*, added that it was the more imperative, as the rumor had reached her Majesty. I said, feeling perfectly innocent, I should not shrink from any examination, however rigorous, but that I considered it a most indelicate and disagreeable procedure, and that I would not be hurried into it. I said also that before any thing was determined it would be requisite for me to know the Duchess of Kent's pleasure; and inquired if her Royal Highness had authorised these communications to me? To my surprise I learned that her Royal Highness was still uninformed that the slightest suspicion rested on me.

"It having been notified to me that it was her Majesty's pleasure that I should not appear until my character was cleared by the means suggested, and having obtained the permission of her Royal Highness to submit to it, as the most instantaneous mode of refuting the calumny, I sent on Sunday, the 17th, for Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke and Sir James Clark, and the examination took place in the presence of my accuser, Lady Portman, and my own maid.

"In the evening Lady Portman came to me to express her regret for having been the most violent against me. 'She acknowledged that she had several times spoken a great deal to the Queen on the subject, especially when she found it was her Majesty's own idea.' She said she was very sorry, but she would have done the same respecting any one of whom she had the same suspicion. I said my surprise is, that knowing my family as she did, she could have entertained those suspicions."

COUNSEL'S OPINION.

[The opinion of Sir William Follett and Mr. Talbot was given to the effect that the facts of the case did not afford any ground for legal proceedings on the part of Lady Flora Hastings or her family.]

Feeling that with me alone rested the responsibility of protecting my sister's character, and restoring her to that place in society from which the artful villany of her enemies had driven her, I immediately hastened to Lord Winchilsea. * * * He agreed with me that the most proper course to take would be to demand from Lord Melbourne himself an explanation of the business. On seeing his Lordship he declared his ignorance of the subject, beyond his having been made acquainted with reports by Lady Tavistock, and his having desired the ladies of the Court to be quiet, he himself not placing any belief in it. I also received from him an assurance on his word of honor, that no one was connected with the business BUT the ladies of the Court. I then declared my determination to seek an audience of her Majesty, to express my horror and disgust at the whole of this transaction, and to ask who were the originators of the plot. He urged the business being kept as quiet as possible, for the sake of all parties, the youth of the Queen, and the delicacy of the affair. He further urged my seeing the Duke of Wellington; and I then proceeded to Apsley House, but was not fortunate enough to find his Grace. I then wrote a letter to Lord Melbourne, and a correspondence ensued.

[The result of this correspondence was, that Lord Hastings received a command from her Majesty to attend her at the Palace.]

The nature of the interview is thus described by his lordship:—On the 28th of February, having received her Majesty's command to attend her at Buckingham Palace, at one o'clock, I repaired thither, and had an audience of her Majesty (the particulars of which have been already published in my sister's letter). It might be improper in me to state more particularly what occurred on that occasion, beyond the assurance of her Majesty that my sister should be treated with honor and kindness. All information or satisfaction on the subject of my inquiries as to *who* had been the ORIGINATORS of the plot having been denied me at the Palace, further than the exculpation of Lord Melbourne, I was driven to find it out as I best could by myself, a thing most difficult, from the length of time that had elapsed, the number of persons supposed to be implicated, and the late period of the business at which I was called upon to act (some days after the outrage had taken place). It therefore *only* remained for me to *detect* the perpetrators of the cruelty: I could *prevent nothing*.

Having seen my sister reinstated in her proper place at the Royal table, and finding that I could be of no further use to her, I returned home, and addressed letters to Lords Tavistock and Portman.

[Several letters in the first instance passed between the Marquises of Hastings and Tavistock, those of the former couched in such terms as may be supposed would have flowed from the pen of the brother of an injured sister, whilst those of the latter are worded in the most affectionate spirit of soothing and conciliation.]

This correspondence leads to the following

Statement of the Marchioness of Tavistock.

"When I went to Buckingham Palace, at the end of January, to attend upon the Queen, I found strong suspicions of an unpleasant nature existing there with respect to Lady Flora Hastings's state of health. It was considered necessary, for the honor of her Majesty and the character of the household, that these suspicions should not be permitted to continue and spread, without some step being taken to put a stop to them. Observing the opinion in question was borne out by appearances, and conceiving that Lady Flora might have been privately married, I felt much desire to speak to her in any case upon the subject; but circumstances occurred which prevented my carrying this wish into effect, and rendered it my painful duty to inform the Prime Minister of the opinion that had been unfortunately entertained. I hope I did so in the most delicate and cautious manner, and for this I consider myself responsible.

"ANNA MARIA TAVISTOCK.

"Oakley, March 15, 1839."

The correspondence with Lord Portman then follows, and eventually brings forth the

Statement of Lady Portman.

"A few days after I had entered upon my attendance at the Palace, in February, I was informed of the existence of suspicions that Lady Flora Hastings must have been privately married. This information, which was not given me by or from the Baroness de Lehzen, drew my attention more particularly to Lady F. Hastings's appearance, and I then formed the opinion that it was necessary, for the honor of the Court, and for the character of Lady Flora Hastings, that all doubt should be removed upon the subject.

"A few days afterwards Lady Flora Hastings's medical attendant communicated to me, as the Lady in Waiting, his suspicions that Lady Flora Hastings was privately married, and asked my opinion upon the subject, which I gave only as connected with my observation of her appearance. Sir James Clark subsequently informed me that Lady Flora Hastings had denied to him her marriage, and that he had requested her to select another medical adviser to consult with him upon her state of health.

"It then became my duty to communicate to her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent, that until those doubts were removed, Lady Flora Hastings should not appear in her Majesty's presence. Subsequently, at the request of Lady Flora Hastings, I was present at the consultation of the medical men, who communicated to me, in medical terms, their opinion, explaining the appearance by which I, as well as others, had been misled. I communicated to her Majesty the result of the consultation, and I soon afterwards had an interview with Lady Flora Hastings; and, having discharged the duty then imposed upon me, I expressed my own feelings towards her, and explained the course which I had felt it to be my duty to take; and I left her with the impression on my mind that she did not think my conduct unattributable to any other motive. I remained in the Palace some days longer than I should otherwise have done, in case any information should have been required of me, as the Lady in Waiting, during this painful investigation; and on the evening before I left London, having understood from Sir James Clark that he had suggested to Lord Hastings an interview with me, I wrote to Sir James Clark, saying that if Lord Hastings wished to see me, I would delay my departure for a few hours the next day; but that if Lord Hastings did *not* wish to see me, I should be glad to know it at an early hour in the morning, that I might not be detained. I received a note from Sir James Clark the following morning, saying, 'I have just received Lord Hastings' reply, which is, that under present circumstances he does not wish to see your ladyship.' I then felt myself at liberty to return to Bryanston."

"E. PORTMAN.

"Bryanston, March 17, 1839."

[Here follows a letter to Lord Melbourne from the Marquis of Hastings, dated April 8, 1839, which has already been published; and the correspondence between the Marchioness of Hastings and Lord Melbourne, as well as her ladyship's letter to the Queen, all of which have appeared in print.]

In this state of things it was determined to let the matter rest whilst my sister remained at Court, which it was judged necessary she could continue to do for some time longer, to protect her from calumny.

Some time afterwards my sister's illness again manifested itself to an alarming degree. Even the public manifestation of sympathy with which she was repeatedly greeted, produced so bad an effect upon her that it was judged right to keep her as quiet as possible. I need not add more than that she became rapidly worse, and all medical aid proved unavailing against an illness of long standing, and much increased by the anxiety of mind her wrongs produced, and which at last hurried her to an untimely grave.

I think it proper to state some further facts which have been verbally communicated to me (and for which I so far vouch), that occurred on the occasion of the barbarous and indelicate investigation to which my sister was exposed, although written documents to substantiate the whole of them are not in my possession.

Some questions having been put to my sister and answered, it was suggested that the inquiry ought not to proceed further, and that they might now feel quite satisfied. Sir James Clark objected, and stated that the ladies of the Court would not be satisfied without the strictest examination, and that, if Lady Flora knew her own innocence, she could have no reason to oppose the most complete scrutiny.

It has also been stated to me, and corroborated to the fullest extent by a deposition sworn before a magistrate of Ayrshire by my sister's maid, who was present at the examination, that while the whole demeanor of Sir Charles Clark during the painful and humiliating scene was characterized by kindness, the conduct of Sir James Clark, as well as that of Lady Portman, was unnecessarily abrupt, unfeeling, and indelicate. This deposition I withhold, as it contains much that is wholly unfit for general perusal.

The Noble Marquis next furnishes the following extracts from letters addressed by the late Lady Flora to various members of her family:—

"TO THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF HASTINGS.

"Buckingham Palace, March 1, 1839.

"She (the Duchess of Kent) shrunk with horror from the idea of my submitting to the test demanded, but I urged her, for my sake, for that of my family, and for her own; for I felt it right towards her to allow me to meet the charge in the manner most convincingly and instantly to refute it. I was strong in innocence, and I felt my courage equal to any endurance."

"TO THE DOWAGER LADY HASTINGS.

"Buckingham Palace, Wednesday, March 13, 1839.

"Lady Portman apologised to me. She came to me the Sunday evening, while I was eating my bit of dinner, and told me, with tears in her eyes, that, 'as all had ended so happily for all parties!' she was anxious to say that as perhaps no one had been so inveterate against me in speaking to the Queen, she thought it right to do so, that I might not believe the Queen had a personal bias against me. She meant to say, 'I am very sorry,' but I should (such is my feeling towards the Queen) have said the same of any one respecting whom I (entertained!) the same suspicions.' I said, 'Oh, Lady Portman, what surprises me is that you *could* entertain those suspicions. You do not know *me* much, but you know *enough* of my people to have known they were impossible.' I was too ill to discuss the *manner* in which they had been acted upon; so, after giving me a message of regret from the Queen, who said if I would like to see her she would see me that evening or next morning (the first I declined, not being equal to it; and next day it was equally out of the question, for I was suffering from nervous headache, and *scarcely able to speak*), with a request that, in waiting or out of waiting, I would reside as her guest at the Palace as long as I liked, 'to show how fully *we are satisfied*.' She left me. I gave her my hand in token of forgiveness; but when she asked to come to me afterwards I declined. It is one thing to forgive and another to forget. Thank God I can do the first, but my memory is stubborn. * * * * He (Sir James Clark) began *that* day to speak to me with *some* degree of feeling; but, irritated by my denial, became violent and coarse, and even attempted to browbeat me."

"TO THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

"Buckingham Palace, May —, 1839.

"Lady Portman had my forgiveness as a Christian; but I declined ever *after* seeing or knowing her *from her conduct*. With regard to the Duchess of Kent, her Royal Highness had a very warm conversation with her, on every bearing of the transaction, and it was in *that* conversation Lady Portman took *upon herself to aver*, from her experience as a married woman, that there was no doubt *I was* in the situation they alleged me to be.

"It is upon that *averment* that Lady Portman stands convicted as a slanderer, and out of that position no ingenuity can take her; and it was upon *that* feeling that the Duchess declined *seeing* her, and restricted her explanation of her conduct to a written one, which explanation her Royal Highness merely acknowledged, and referred Lady Portman to her Majesty's advisers."

The Marquis of Hastings concludes the correspondence in these terms:—

"My heart sickens at the repetition and recollection of the scenes I have so lately witnessed; but, whatever may be the opinion of those interested in calling for this silence on this subject, I could only regard that line of conduct on my part as the most cringing submission to the most atrocious injustice. I have, therefore, now performed not only a very obvious, but a very painful duty, by laying this statement before the public; and I shall henceforward seek in the bosom of my family that consolation which alone remains to me—namely, the feeling of having done the utmost in my power (under circumstances without parallel or precedent) to wrest from infamy and disgrace the character of her who is, alas! now no more; and whose unostentatious piety and meekness might have shielded her from such wrongs, and with the world I now leave that painful subject for ever. (Signed) "HASTINGS."

On the 19th of June the Marquis of Hastings wrote to Lord Melbourne, demanding that his Lordship should offer an apology to the Dowager Marchioness, his mother, for the "offensive and insulting terms" in which the Noble Viscount's letter, of the 17th March, to her Ladyship, had been couched. Various letters passed and re-passed, of which the following was the result:—

"VISCOUNT MELBOURNE TO THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

"South-street, June 20, 1839.

"MY LORD—I have the honour of acknowledging your Lordship's letter of this day.

"Your Lordship has not pointed out the precise expression in my letter which your Lordship considers to be offensive, nor have you stated the reason why you so consider them. If I were to retract those expressions without substituting others, I should leave my meaning imperfect; and I protest I know not where to find terms which, in my opinion, would be less liable to objection than those which I have employed. But the second alternative which your Lordship proposes to me, I embrace without difficulty or hesitation, and I request your Lordship to assure the Marchioness Dowager of Hastings that nothing was further from my intention than to offer her Ladyship any offence, or to treat her Ladyship otherwise than with the respect due to her station, rank, and character, and more particularly due to the painful circumstances under which that correspondence took place. I have the honour to remain, my Lord, your Lordship's faithful and obedient servant. (Signed) "MELBOURNE.

"To the Marquis of Hastings, &c. &c. &c."

THE TAVERN CONCERT-SINGER.

Who is there that is not acquainted with the order of syrens, amongst whom the subject of our sketch is one! A visit to the Eagle will show us the first class of the sweet warblers, while, taking the whole range of taverns where singing forms a portion of a given entertainment, not forgetting White Conduit (or, to speak in the elegant vernacular of the major part of its patrons, '*Vite Cundit*,') we shall behold our female friends in all their variety of states. Those who charm the ear in the City-road and at Islington are, certainly, the most favourable specimens of the class; but from thence they descend until, instead of the really good concert-singer, we have presented to us the coarse and vulgar squaller. The costume of one of these ladies is worthy a description. The material of her personal adornment comprises silk, gauze, and muslin, while in diversity of colour it rivals the rainbow itself. The body of her gown light blue, and about it are a multitude of bows, green and pink; the skirt is white, while the variety is still further kept up by black velvet bracelets with very large composition clasps, and gloves either white or of a fashionable flesh colour. To these are added a vast quantity of ornaments, for round the neck of the fair syren is a chain of Mosaic gold, while her hands, when ungloved, exhibit several Birmingham manufactured rings, shining and sparkling in all the glories of lacquered copper and coloured glass. But let us say something of the singer's native charms. They are a short, thickset figure, a face whose beauty consists in a low forehead, clustered over by an immense quantity of hair (both natural and artificial), a turned-up nose, and full cheeks, to which a good supply of colouring has been given. Yet, in the place where she is seen and heard, is the singer a star of the first magnitude—quite the Catalini of the establishment. In the bills her name is printed in large letters, and in no programme of a performance is she put down for less than six songs, to say nothing of the duets and concerted pieces of music she has to take part in. Let our readers fancy themselves in the place where Miss Julia Howard or Seymour is in the habit of awakening soft echo. A great number of youths, just made their *escape*, are lounging about, discussing cheap Cubas and the glasses of spirits which have been liberally given by the proprietors out of consideration of the admission fee. These young gentlemen wile away the time previous to the commencement of the concert by watching the professionals as they appear, and it is an easy matter to tell the degrees of favouritism by the manner in which each person is received. The prima donna shows herself, and a murmur of gratification runs through the '*saloon*.' Soon after the concert begins with a '*grand performance*' upon the organ, after which a comic song and a new version of the everlasting 'Jim Crow' may be given. At the conclusion of the latter air, and when the applause had subsided, the peculiar deity of the place makes her appearance in front of the organ, and while the symphony of her song is being played, she exercises her optical nerves by looking about and languishing to perfection. But her voice—what is that like? Heaven preserve our hearing. She is warbling the 'Soldier tired,' and it seems as though the soldier himself was giving notice of his own fatigue. And then her cadences and her runs! She has just got through one of the latter, in her execution of it she became purple in the face, and stopped only to avoid strangulation. This is her first essay during the present evening. In the others she will make, the sweet songstress will display equal excellence. Her next aria is a love ditty, which will neither admit of shakes nor the more striking adornments that singers usually indulge in, but it will allow that which is quite as good, if not better—a great deal of the pathetic. And very touching is our fair friend's style. The movement, originally allegro, is played twice as slow as it ought to be, by which proceeding the effect is, of course, greatly heightened. Then how appropriate to the words is the graceful action which accompanies them! The circumstance of the musical manuscript being in the hands of the vocalist prevents her expressing feeling by *them*, but it has no control over the features of her face; and truly, susceptibility and love (the subjects of her present song) were never more fully expressed. And then her voice! How *sweetly* do the tones alternate with each other, the piano succeeding the forte, and the forte doing the same thing to the piano. In the intervals that come between the fair vocalist's separate performances she is hardly less attractive to the younger frequenters of the place than during the time of her musical exertions. It is while indulging in a little dignified repose that she becomes circled by a band of young admirers, each of which is emulous to show the extent of his admiration.

"You sung that *hair* beautiful, Miss," softly exclaims a youth very '*green*,' both in the colour of his coat and the natural hue of his innocent mind.

"Do you think so?" returns the young lady, pretending to think he flatters her.

"Will you taste some of this?" he inquires in the same bland tone as that used before, and he hands a glass of rum and water, with a lump of dissolving sugar at the bottom, and a circular piece of lemon at the top, to the lady.

The offer is accepted, the application to the glass of the fair maiden's lips being preceded by a very ceremonious 'good health' to her entertainer, whose gallantry mounts at every sip taken by the gaudily-dressed damsel at his side.

It is not an uncommon thing to see in establishments like those which we have described the subject of our sketch to be engaged, a couple of rival queens—the Roxana and Statira of the concert-room—and the contemplation of the professional quarrels which take place between these two ladies is a vastly amusing one, though not near so much so as is the witnessing of their separate effort for pre-eminence on the occasion of singing a duet or being conjointly engaged in some other piece of music. We see one of the rivals preparing for her verse with all the assumed consciousness of coming off triumphant. She starts off famously, and in the course of her solo makes the very room ring again. During this the other has, likewise, been expressing her confidence in self, by looking with a glance of contempt towards her rival, and getting up a little cough. *Her* turn comes; and who is the winner depends much upon the number of each syren's followers. There is a certain peculiarity about the women of whom we speak—it is that they are never seen in the day time. The only reason that we can assign for this is, that the very late hours they are obliged to keep cause a long rest to be necessary for their well-being and capability of continuing their nightly exertions.

A good voice and ear are, in most instances, the only qualifications which the tavern concert singer possesses; and these, considering her audience, are all that are sufficient. Taste or feeling, even if the capacity for such existed, it would be nonsensical to consult; therefore, such are no possible recommendation to the ambitious aspirant, the indispensable thing being a voice which can make itself heard in the furthermost corners of the place in which it is exercised; and none of our readers who have ever passed the outside of White Conduit House, or the shabbier temple of Apollo, Bagnigge Wells, need be reminded of the great power of the vocal organs of the melodists within. Many there are who have been interrupted in a sober contemplative walk by the *striking* tones of some female's voice giving breath to a ditty only to be recognised by the melody awakened by the instruments, the other part being sacrificed upon the altar of the deity, Applause, as to be undistinguishable. And such a person, perhaps, led by curiosity, may be tempted to enter the interior of the place, the principal object of which he will not fail to behold in the person of a damsel, even such as we have described. But, our old and well-remembered friend, success attend thee in thy nightly avocations, and though thou canst not delight our senses as those of others, long and happy may be thy reign. Thy crimes against the musical god we can well forgive, and though we will yield to none in enthusiastic admiration of blessed music, we can smile at the wrongs thou hast inflicted on it, yea, pardon thy profanity of melody, and thy wilful murder of sentiment.

J. C.

Limits of Papal Jurisdiction.—Cardinal Cervini complained to Leo the Tenth that Michael Angelo had painted him in hell in his picture of the Last Judgment. "If the painter," said the pope, "had placed your eminence in purgatory, I could have drawn you thence, but as he has placed you in the infernal regions, my power does not extend so far."

Abernethy and his Pupils.—Mr. Abernethy had occasionally a most fearful practice of thinking aloud. On the day of one of his introductory lectures, when the theatre of St. Bartholomew was as full as it could possibly be, and the cheering on his entrance had subsided, he was observed to cast his eyes around, seemingly insensible to the applause with which he had been greeted, and he exclaimed with great feeling and pathos, "God help you all! what is to become of you!" evidently much moved by the appearance of so great a number of medical students, seeking for information to be fitted for practice.

Physic and Physicians.

Your Worship.—A man having business with a magistrate who was an auctioneer, gave much offence, by neglecting to call him *his worship*; on which he committed him to gaol for contempt. When the man obtained his discharge, he constantly attended *his worship's* sales, bidding for almost every lot—"Threepence, *your worship*; sixpence, *your worship*;" which caused such scenes of laughter at the auctioneer's expense, that he was glad to give the man ten guineas never to attend his sales any more.

THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT BOOK:

OR, THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF FLY-FISHING FOR SALMON, TROUT, &c.

"With this strange companion did Apollo wander about the country, and his earliest lesson was, 'how to make a bow-string.'"—*Translated from the Greek Mythology.*

Chapter V.

(Scene—*The road at Trefriew, between Conway and Lanrwst, North Wales.*)

Theoph.—Ah! well met! So here we are at last together. Welcome, most welcome, Herbert, to Wales and all its rich and inexhaustible sources of delight, and may many years continue to you the power of their enjoyment.

Herb.—Thanks, my most worthy Piscator! Your friendly "grip" seems to re-assure me that London muscles are not so weak, at least, that London hearts are not always cold, as they are represented to be. How pleased I am to see you again: and be thus greeted on the road, long before I expected the light of your countenance to shine upon me! Were you determined to bring back the reminiscence of our colloquy two years since, as we journeyed together through this very country? Be it so; you have succeeded. Yes, here it was, I remember, that for the first time you implanted in my "untutored" mind, the seeds of that taste which neither success nor disappointment in the attempt you promise to assist me in, can now eradicate. What! and little Zoe too! Do you, my poor dog, so soon remember and also "jump thy welcome" of me, after such an absence?

Theoph.—She, my faithful companion, remembers you, I'll be sworn! In truth, we have been taking our "evening's cast" down from Llanrwst, so that I might regale you with a dish of small fry, for your supper. See—two or three dozen bright speckled beauties! and a brace of morts to boot! But you must be wearied of your nine miles' walk, loaded as you are,

"Like the ould Pedlar, that trudged off with his pack,"

with all the implements of our craft; let me relieve you of your knapsack awhile?

Herb.—Loaded! aye, and with an old friend. Behold! the "pocket pistol" that served us so well on our last tour: e'en primed and charged with the selfsame "knock-me-down" combustible,—*rale* Irish whiskey. This, if I mistake not, is the identical stone on which we rested, and the very mountain rivulet by which the poet of old might have refreshed himself, when he said—

"The wearie traveiler, wandring this way,
*Here*in doth often quench his thirsty heat!
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slomber makes him to forget
His former payne, and wypes away his toilsom sweat."

That "wearie traveiler" is your humble servant, I confess; so, to oblige me, and with the aid of this pure stream

"To cool the *malt's* intemperate glow,"

let us take a cup of welcome, and drink prosperity to our coming occupation.

Theoph.—Agreed. Success to us both; "and may the east wind never blow when we go a-fishing," as Walton says.

Herb.—And this to Proteus! For,

"Proteus abrode doth rove,
Along the fomy waves, driving his finny drove.
Proteus is shepheard of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty heard."

Theoph.—Come, no more of your propitiatory libations, or I shall never get you to our "roosting" place.

Herb.—Stay a bit, and let me admire once again this specimen of lovely Wales, where every footstep treads on a fresh burst of beauty,—ever varying, always new! This—*the mills of Trefriew* clambering over each other, like thirsty hounds, to catch the purest gush of water—is as picturesque a "bit" as can well be imagined. How it lies, lulled in the lap of these wood-crowned hills, from whose feet the Conway's glistening stream "spirits away"—the pretty laughing rivulet they nourish. Do you mark yon mountain "booming" in the distance up the valley,—yet a mere hillock, I suppose, compared with Snowden or Moel Shabod?

Theoph.—Aye! On either side lie two famous trout lakes; to the right Llyn Crafnant, and to the left, one with as many "*aliases*" as a Newgate prisoner—Tal y Llyn, Tal y Esyn (after a famous bard, to whose memory a cross has been there erected), or Gerionedd Now turn we to the fair Conway, our field of budding honour!

Herb.—Well, I declare, as though by magic, there is a large fish leaping for joy in the river at the moment, coming into our presence like a Pythagorean Ariel, to clench my piscatory resolution! It is a tempting sight! Could you not catch him?

Theoph.—Oh, that he would afford me the chance! But I fear not. 'Twas a fine salmon, and by his brightness not long from the sea. He rose in mere wantonness: and when these do so, however lovely to behold, it is anything but an encouraging sight, whatever "Salmonia" may say or imply. It is no indication they are on the feed, or are at the time willing to take the fly; because it is next to certain, that flies on the surface are at no time their food: and I conceive that, though we call our bunches of steel, tinsel, and feathers, "flies," the salmon may view them in a very different light: but of this *anon.* Trout, and such like entomological destroyers, when they rise, do so for the most part at flies, *as food;* but there are many times when even these rise, throwing themselves high out of the water, in mere wantonness; and this is particularly remarked in the cool of an evening following a very hot day, at which time whipping for them is next to useless. I am still at a loss to account for these feats. My conjectures are, that on such days fish have lain, as it were, dormant for some time, and mostly low in the water, to effect which their air bladders have been continuously much compressed by low respiration, and have become comparatively empty; and there is something in their sudden rise to the surface analogous to the elevation of body, and accompanying deep sigh, wherewith we bipeds relieve our lungs after a long, serious, careful thought. Then again the water, from the heat of the day, has emitted more than its due proportion of air wholesome to fish; and that which they pass through their gills has become unpleasant to them, and they are glad for a moment to imbibe a portion of cooler inspiration, in another element, to supply artificially their natural wants. The water, too, as Captain Williamson, in his "Vade Mecum," says, is at such times of higher temperature than the air; whence the latter becomes to them a refreshing bath. Roach, barbel, carp, and other fish, often play these pranks: yet, inasmuch as these are "anti-fly-takers," and feed at bottom, no one can suppose *they* are on the feed at such moments. It is a beautiful sight, but by no means an encouraging one, except it says, "here we are, come and catch us;—if you can!" I like to see trout, &c., come quietly to the surface, scarce breaking it, *but* merely "*sucking* in" the floating prey: then's the time! This habit of fish, of which I am speaking, is one of the subjects I have often wished to point out to the attention of some scientific body, from a persuasion that the research might lead to important results in the advance of science;—another subject for their investigation being, why it is that fish will often rise for a certain half hour only, during the day, in search of flies at the surface, or in search of prey, or what not (as in the case of salmon) Although fishermen must have noticed this peculiarity since "the time when Father Adam was ordered to take and eat," yet it has never, to my mind, been even *attempted* to be satisfactorily explained.

Salmonia treats it lightly, attributing it to a very insufficient cause; namely, a certain fly coming in abundance on the water. But if we compare notes, we shall find that this has little or nothing to do with it We all know that in different parts of a stream, miles distant, fish often rise freely during the same half hour in the day *only;* and, although the same flies have preceded and followed that half hour in as great abundance, the fish, *extra* that period, have remained motionless. Often, too, I have been fishing *for trout* in one river, say the Colne, near Uxbridge, and my friends *for chub* in another, say the Lea, perhaps twenty miles off, and the same phenomenon has occurred. Here, then, it is not likely that a similarity of movement among flies could have produced the effect, nor could it have been any accidental state or change in the water. And, in the case of salmon, observing often the same habit, I am more particularly impressed; because it is perfectly absurd to suppose they ever take our flies for natural flies (they are surely idiots if they do!), even assuming they take them as food of any kind; yet many a day have I been out on a river pretty thickly studded with rods, and, up to a given hour, it has been to us all, for miles up or down, in rapids and in deeps, a perfect blank: and then, on a sudden, salmon in all parts of the river have simultaneously taken to the fit of taking our flies, and so been taken! No; I am satisfied it is something in the atmosphere affecting the water that causeth this, and only wish I had sufficient practice in, and time for, meteorological observation, that I might investigate the subject by comparing the temperature and weight of the two different elements together, and noting the state of wind, and cloud, and weather, by thermometer, barometer, and hydrometer, when these things happen. Oh! that I could meet with a scientific piscatory friend, who would devote his attention to the matter. By the way, the tide leaves its highest mark just above this spot; and our fishing commences here, extending upwards far beyond Llanrwst. The largest fish I ever heard of being *hooked* in this river (for, as the sequel of the story shows, that was all), was about this very place. The glorious yet sad tale was told me by the principal actor, a great ally of mine, Tom P——, who is a most excellent fisherman and an honest laborer, in whose word I have perfect reliance. In part, that is, in its commencement and conclusion, it resembles the incident related by the "Angler in Ireland," which forms the subject of the frontispiece to his first volume. As well as I can remember, it was about five years ago, that just round the first point of the land on this side the river, Tom was fishing one afternoon; and his reel getting loose, owing to the dryness of the string by which it was bound to the rod (for he was poor and needy), he dipped it, rod and all, into the water, to increase its tension by moisture: and during the operation, a little below him, up came at his fly a monster of a salmon! A complete leviathan! and to his (not the salmon's) great joy, Tom found his hook fast in him. Away flew the fish, out whirred the line, and off started Tom after them. Both fought with desperation: one for life and liberty, the other for *death* and glory. Long, too, they wrestled. At last, "Sir Salmon" needed breath, and turned to sulking—such sulking as Tom had never before, in all his experience, met with! The fish lay, not like a mere log, but a rock! and for such a length of time, that Tom really feared the fish was gone, leaving his hook fast in a stump at the bottom of the river, until a slight motion told him "all was right." Again he pulled and tugged with all the force his tackle would bear; and at last off started old Silver-sides again. Again was the battle renewed, sometimes in water, sometimes high in air; sometimes he took to the profundity; anon, he was awakened from his awful slumber: off he started again: then was he "bitted" under the very tip of the rod; and at last Tom "wore" him round the point near to yon small boat. The shades of evening were then spreading their hazy mantles over the valley. The three weird fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, hovered about the *battle plane.* Eighteen yards of line whizzed out, and were "paid" back. The gaff was brought out and screwed together; fourteen yards more were *wanted*, but were lent grudgingly; another turn or two—and the fish floated on his huge side as Tom wound him back—wound him back to within a single yard of the gaff!! Oh! what an awful moment! The three sisters descended. The monster gave one languid struggle—the three closed in; Atropos pocketed her scissors, and, hang her, vanished "and *cut*," not the fish's thread of life, nor Tom's line, but "her own stick," and gave Sir Salmo a new lease. The line hung loose to the rod; the hook had slipped its hold, owing to the immense pressure; and Tom sunk exhausted and spiritless on the ground! Thus terminated a struggle of two hours and forty minutes! And the fish Tom estimated at about 45 lbs.! his depth (through) appeared about thirteen inches, and his length about four feet; but he has never seen its like before or since. And the worst luck I wish you is a similar chance—the best, a more successful issue.

Herb.—Heavens defend us! If such a loss had happened to me, I should not have recovered the shock until it had served as the "thrice-told tale," to every individual of my acquaintance. I remember the man, and thoroughly believe him. It does not often happen, I imagine, that fish of such enormous size are taken by the fly.

Theoph.—To begin with, these monsters are by no means numerous, at all events in Great Britain; the netters take care of that; though in Norway and in the Rhine, they are more common. The largest fish I ever *saw* in London, was about the same size (45lbs.); and that was the admiration of crowds of gazers: there was one of 49lbs. in Leadenhall Market, last autumn. Yarrell refers to one of 55lbs. from the Tay, and another of 83lbs.!! and some others between 40 and 55lbs. Such sizes are indeed rarities seldom to be met with; and to have hold of one once in a fisher's life, *is* to be in luck. Three or four upwards of 20lbs. are usually taken by the fly every season in this river; and I think I remember having heard of one about 30lbs.;—large enough to satisfy any moderate piscator. My notion is that smaller fish *only* rise more readily at the fly, *because they are numerous!* and that in fact a large fish is quite as willing to do so as a smaller one of 10 or 12lbs. There is a marked difference between salmon and trout in this respect; for very large trout will (it might be said) *never* rise at the fly; and middling-sized, *i. e.* of 2 to 4lbs., seldom, in proportion with those of about 3 qrs. of a pound As to rod-fishing in Norway, I learn from a source beyond doubt, that a most noted angler from these realms, and two friends, were out three successive days, last year, and during that period took no less between them than 111 salmon averaging 12 or 14lbs.; some of 35lbs., and one of 40lbs.: but I do not remember whether all were caught with the fly, or some by spinning. The same eminent "artist" has also taken twenty a day in that part of the world, and assured me that while playing and killing one fish, ten others might have been hooked,—so numerous and ravenous were they. It is singular Tom once hooked another fine fish, near this very spot, by a similar chance. His line got round one of the piles, so numerous along the banks here: at the moment he was stooping to clear it with his hands, up came a salmon at his fly, which floated below him; he struck with the line in his hand;—slackened;—seized his rod, and at length fortunately killed him—23lbs. This, as the first resting place above the tide, I conceive to be an excellent spot; but it is dangerous ground for tackle, as you will see another day.

Herb.—Your recitals half incline me to unpack and make my first essay upon the instant. Eh! me! a 45 pounder! But I suppose I must refrain—so let us march.

THE UNDER TEACHER.

One of the standing annoyances to which a portrait painter is subjected, is that of being perpetually called upon to pourtray the features of individuals, who, whilst they cannot be called positively *ugly*, are still so far from handsome, and so much farther from the possession of any peculiar expression, good or bad, that it is impracticable to throw any interest into their portraits, save for those who know the originals. Such has been my continual experience ever since, brush in hand, I entered the lists, where so many nobler and gifted competitors than myself are contending for the prize of fame. And yet, paradoxical as the statement may seem, one of the most insipid portraits I ever undertook to paint, was the means of procuring me more genuine pleasure than I have often found in this world of tribulation and vexation.

Miss Georgiana D—— was just one of those common-place, red and white, *unindividualized* girls whom it is a labour to talk to, or to paint, either in words or colours. She had one quality, however, which rendered her a person of much consideration in her own circle—she was rich. Fifty thousand pounds has a magic power, which might convert a Hottentot Venus into a divinity; and Miss D—— was not strikingly plain—it would have been something of a relief had she been so. *Any* expression would have been preferable to the bland, mindless-looking tract of countenance, of whose resemblance I was doomed to make my canvas the recipient.

Miss D—— was a parlour boarder in a fashionable metropolitan school, and the painting of her portrait originated in the fancy of a rich and childless uncle in Bombay, who had the power, if he pleased, to swell the heiress's fortune to three times its present extent. To do Miss D—— justice, I do not think her own vanity would have induced her to sit to me. She was too inert and sleepy to be very vain, and certainly had no innate love of the fine arts, which might have tempted her to patronize one of their votaries. Her exclamation, when she saw the picture on its completion, might have settled that question for ever —"Dear, dear! well, I dare say it is like me, though—and I am sure the lace tucker is the very same!" The back ground, and the rich drapery, and the flush tints, on which I had expended so much thought and care, were all as nothing to her!

Yet the painting of that portrait is connected in my mind with such sunny and happy recollections—with so much of the romance of real life, that I look back on it as one of the brightest vistas in the image of memory. Another face arises in my dreams beside that inexpressive visage—a face, of which a glimpse might put a man in good humour for a week, aud even reconcile him to the task of painting a Miss D——! The face of Eleanor Armstrong, the under teacher of Miss Toogood's seminary, always rises to my mental sight amidst the memories of that time as one of the fairest visions that ever blest the eyes of painter.

Miss D—— had favoured me with one or two sittings when Miss Toogood suggested that a companion might be useful in talking to her, as (heaven bless the mark!) I ought to catch the varying expression of my sitter's countenance! I certainly did *not* expect that any thing under an earthquake or the laughing gas could induce the heiress to move a muscle; but as I could not decently say so, I assented; and Eleanor Armstrong was forthwith installed in her office of conversationist, and eliciter of expression, where, alas! there was none to elicit. Oh! what a face was that which beamed on me, when, on the third day of my purgatory, I entered the room set apart for my work. There was Miss D——, just as heavy and blank as usual, but beside her sat Eleanor Armstrong—the personification of living loveliness. I suppose I should sadly err from the right way of story-tellers if I omitted to give a description of my heroine; but truly charms like her's are more easily pourtrayed in colours than in words.

She was about nineteen; her height just sufficient to redeem her figure from the charge of petitness, and yet without any approach to the stature of a tall woman. Her complexion was not sickly white, but so transcendently clear, that never might a feeling arise within her heart, but you read an intimation of it on "her cheek, her brow, her lips." Her eyes were soft and dark, and the lashes raven black, but the long curls which fell in *showers* upon her neck—(the expression is not original, but no other will fitly describe their luxuriance)—were of a deep bright chesnut. Her mouth was small and sweet; and she might have been pronounced the prettiest of the pretty, but for an expansive white forehead which gave too much of dignity to her appearance to admit of the application of that term. Beautiful, very beautiful, was the Under Teacher.—She painted her likeness on the minds of all who looked on her, as effectually as ever the sun painted the features of a landscape in Mr. Talbot's newly discovered *camera obscura.* But this sort of painting did not content me; I longed to paint her portrait. Had I asked permission to do so, I might, perhaps, have been refused; at any rate, such a request would naturally have drawn on the fair damsel the envy of the amiable proprietress of the establishment, of a worthy body of a certain age, who presided over the spelling and needle-work, and of an old French governess. So I forbore the request, but not the deed. During the very frequent sittings with which I discovered it was indispensably requisite Miss D—— should indulge me, I managed to transfer that lovely face to a miniature canvas, secretly placed in front of the larger one; and, copying this at home on a larger scale, assisted by memory, I managed to make a portrait so striking, that the likeness was almost startling. Poor dear Eleanor! She little guessed the nature of my employment, or of what vast importance to her future happiness that employment was to be.

The portraits were finished. Miss D——'s was to have graced the walls of Somerset House; but as the person who had undertaken to convey it to the Indian Nabob left England earlier than he intended, it was consigned to his keeping, and from that time to this I have seen and heard no more of it. The other, so secretly wrought, so fairly finished, supplied its place in the exhibition. Fresh, and fair, and new, did that sweet face look amongst the resemblances of glowing gentlemen and smirking ladies, by which it was surrounded. Many a loudly expressed burst of admiration, many a whisper of deeper and truer delight were elicited from the groups which crowded round that transcendant portrait; and often might be heard the murmur of disappointment, when the page in the catalogue, eagerly turned to for information, was found to contain nothing respecting the original, save the unsatisfactory words, "Portrait of a young lady."

The season was drawing to a close and the exhibition rooms were unusually crowded. I happened to be there, and saw with much pleasure that the gazers on my favourite picture were as numerous as ever. Amongst these was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, of remarkably distinguished appearance, who seemed to regard it with an extraordinary degree of interest.—Long did he pause before it, long after the groups had departed, and he was left alone to survey it at leisure. He paced back and forward before it, looked at it from all points of view, and finally left the room rather quickly, with the air of a man who has formed some hasty purpose, and is determined to lose no time in executing it.

"I shall see that youth again," was the prophetic impression on my mind, and I was not mistaken. That very evening my servant announced, "a gentleman on business," and on the skirts of the announcement the gazer of the morning entered my apartment.

Long before this time my readers will have anticipated that the young man had been struck by the likeness of the picture to some one in whom he was deeply interested. Such was precisely the case. He came to me for the purpose of ascertaining the residence of the original, of whose identity he had not a moment's doubt; but it is best that I should detail the history I gathered from him, in a somewhat more connected form than it was poured out to me.

Eleanor Armstrong was the only daughter of an excellent clergyman, and distantly related, by the mother's side, to the very noble and very proud Lady Borrodaile. Left an orphan at twelve years old, and very slenderly provided for, pity or pride, or both together, induced the titled dame to extend her protection to her fair young relative, and to receive her under her own roof. This was a piece of virtue which brought with it its own reward, and if ever embodied sunshine were the inmate of an earthly dwelling, Borrodaile Park had such an inmate in the person of Eleanor. Gay, but never noisy, wise as well as witty, loving and amiable, as she was beautiful, Eleanor Armstrong was as a new life and pulse to the somewhat starched inhabitants of the gloomy old mansion. Her light foot sounded strangely pleasant as she tripped over the old oaken floors, so long used to echo nothing but the stately steps of the Lady Borrodaile and her attendants. Her sweet laugh rang like fairy music amongst the arched roofs, and in the broad, quiet corridors. Her bright face looked out like a flower with a soul in it—(it *is* a conceit, but it is *so* like her)—from the dark recesses and the Gothic windows. The Lady Borrodaile felt her influence—she could not resist it; and her heart, cold and formal as was the set of its currents, could not but warm into something like attachment to the fair being who was so happy, so cheerful, and, above all, so grateful and dependent.

But if the proud and formal lady almost thawed in the presence of the sweet Eleanor, there was another heart which, naturally warm and ardent in its feelings, fired with a passion of the most enthusiastic and devoted kind, as my heroine changed from a lovely child to a lovelier woman.

Sir Philip Borrodaile was an only child, and had been left under the guardianship of his proud mother, by a very weak and henpecked father, who died when his son was little more than an infant Fond of power, which she had exercised with an iron hand over poor Sir Ralph, from the time of his marriage to his decease, and hating to give up her sway over any person until she should reach the extremest point to which it was possible to retain it, she had prevailed on her husband to give her a certain authority over the pecuniary resources of Sir Philip, which he could not shake off until he should have attained his twenty-fifth year.

Had he been a constant resident at Borrodaile Park, his heart might not have been less kind, but his manners might have contracted the dignified coldness of those around him, and the continued presence of his orphan cousin might have averted the event his mother dreaded; he might have loved her as a sister and no more. But fearing the consequences of constant intercourse with one so lovely and so poor, the lady contrived that he should spend much of his time at a distance from home; and whenever he was a visitor at the Park, she never failed to expatiate largely on the horrors of *misalliances* in general, with a special clause against those which included relationship, however distant, amongst their disadvantages. Certainly, for a wise woman, Lady Borrodaile did a very foolish thing, for her design was immediately seen through; and as Sir Philip was not without a spice of the spirit of contradiction in his nature, he naturally fell in love with Eleanor, with a vehemence aud ardour unsurpassed in all the records of romance.

That Eleanor should be indifferent to such a passion was not at all likely.—The seclusion in which she lived debarred her from comparing him with any other who could claim the slightest equality with him. In him was her image of perfection embodied, or rather she moulded her ideas of perfection by his standard. How could any young girl, with a heart full of affections, and yearning for sympathy, withstand the love of such a youth as Philip Borrodaile—so frank, so noble, so kind? So the fair Eleanor blushed and sighed, and murmured forth a promise to be his—his for ever, and never thought that his mother's anger would be implacable, nor that she herself would be deemed artful and ungrateful, so entranced was she in the happiness of loving and being loved. But a new light dawned, or rather a new cloud gloomed over her, when the discovery was made, (*as*, somehow, such discoveries always *are* made,) of their mutual attachment. Each was too proud to deny it when charged with it—each was too much in love to promise to forego it. Of course both fell under the bann of the old lady's severest displeasure—a displeasure, however, more bitterly expressed towards Eleanor than Philip; for a mother's heart, be it ever so chilly, is always willing to find excuses for her own child, even though the crime be the deadly sin of opposition to her will. Nothing could exceed her indignation at the poor orphan—nothing could surpass the terseness and eloquence of her declamations on the subjects of meanness, ingratitude, and low artifice.—Poor Eleanor began to feel, for the first time, that to be dependent is a bitter thing. This state of affairs could not long remain without some change; and Sir Philip left Borrodaile Park, trusting that time would mitigate his mother's anger, and reconcile her to the idea of his marriage with Eleanor. But he had to deal with one who, though cold and slow in most of her feelings, was vehement in her wrath, and obstinate in her resolutions. He had scarcely left Borrodaile Park, when she directed against poor Eleanor a series of annoyances, so systematic and pointed that the friendless girl, patient and enduring as she was for some time, at last could bear no more. She entreated to be allowed to seek another residence.

"I can surely work!" said she, proudly, though her eyes were streaming with tears. "I can surely earn a livelihood somewhere—I can do any thing—any thing rather than remain under a roof where my presence is no more welcome!"

"Pray, leave it, then," was the cold reply. "But believe me, Miss Armstrong, you shall not go where you shall have the opportunity of disgracing yourself and your friends more than you have already done. You shall be placed in a situation where I know you will be safe, and have no further opportunity of acting in the deceitful manner you have already done."

A fortnight after this conversation, Eleanor Armstrong was installed in Miss Toogood's seminary as under teacher.

Before my heroine quitted Borrodaile Park, she had received a letter from her lover, full of passionate protestations of unalterable love, and entreaties that she would write to him while he remained at the little German village where he purposed passing some weeks. She had done so, and waited day after day in anxious expectation of a reply. None arrived, however, and she was compelled to leave the roof of Lady Borrodaile without receiving any assurance that Sir Philip was aware of her intended change of residence, or the harsh treatment which compelled her to the step she was taking. Should she write again? It was a long struggle between pride and love before she could prevail on herself so to do; but at length another epistle was written and despatched. Weeks passed by, still no letter came; and at length the high spirit began to droop and the light heart to despond. He must be ill—he must be dead, or—no! he could not have forgotten her!

But even that bitterest possibility seemed fixed on her belief, when, on taking up a newspaper which had wonderfully found its way through the outer barriers of Miss Toogood's establishment, she read an announcement of Sir Philip Borrodaile's arrival from the continent, and farther on a mysterious *on dit* respecting a projected union between himself and a certain Lady Honoria M——, with whose family he had formed an acquaintance in Italy, and with whom he had returned to England. I need not dwell on the violence of such a shock to poor Eleanor's feelings. She had a long and severe illness, and for weeks small hopes were entertained that she would survive. But a sound constitution

and an elastic spirit will bear up marvellously through heavy troubles, and revive again and again from bitter mental suffering. Eleanor Armstrong had a truly affectionate heart, and she had loved with all the warmth and enthusiasm of which such a one is capable; but still she was not the girl to die of love, or resolve to be miserable because she had known disappointment, especially when she remembered that the object of her attachment had proved himself unworthy of it. She rallied her pride and her spirit—called in the blessed aids of religion and reason, and in a few months the under teacher was as lovely as ever. There was, perhaps, a little more thought on her brow, a little more tenderness in her smile—but she was once more able to perform her duties with attention and energy, and her cheerful resignation and unrepining content won her the love and respect of every being near her whose heart was not utterly sheathed in the frost of selfishness.

I do not doubt that if Sir Philip Borrodaile had crossed her path no more she would in time have conquered the lingerings of attachment towards him which *would* sometimes rebel in her heart, and even might at some future day have practically proved that it is quite possible to love more than once. I say this *might* have happened, but the fates (in compassion to the romantic portion of my readers) had ordered otherwise, and Eleanor Armstrong was doomed to remain a heroine after the most approved fashion.

Perhaps Sir Philip may be forgiven for not answering Eleanor's letters, when it is explained that he never received them, and, moreover, was as fully convinced of her faithlessness as she was of his. Lady Borrodaile had managed to intercept the first of these missives, and the last did not reach the village to which it was addressed until the traveller had quitted it for another resting-place. True, he had left orders that any letters arriving after his departure should be immediately forwarded to him; but the postmaster was absent and the postmaster's wife put the letter in her huge pocket, where it lay, amongst a curious chaos of other matters, for a full week, and then, in her fright at having caused its delay, the worthy *Frow* committed it to the flames. Sir Philip, unable to account for his fair one's silence, wandered restlessly from place to place, and at length received a letter from his venerable parent, entreating him to return home, and informing him that Miss Armstrong had chosen to quit Borrodaile Park, but that she would not pain him by detailing any particulars of the affair until his return.

The baronet had contracted an acquaintance, while on the continent, with an English nobleman, to whose party he speedily attached himself, and with them returned to England. His mother was delighted at this accident, for the family of the aforesaid nobleman was an ancient one, and his estates large, and she allowed to herself that the Earl of V——'s only daughter might be almost a sufficiently good match for the heir of Borrodaile Park. It was at her instigation that a newspaper paragraph had insinuated the probability of such a marriage, and by her direction that the paper was placed in the way of Eleanor Armstrong. To her son she was all warmth and affection. The untruths respecting Eleanor's conduct, which she rather hinted at than expressed, were of such a nature as to lead Sir Philip to suppose that his betrothed had acted in such a manner as to place an eternal bar betwixt them. She described Eleanor's departure from her protection as entirely her own spontaneous deed, and even denied any knowledge of her residence or situation. But Sir Philip clung long and obstinately to the memory of his early love; and it was only on the eve of his twenty-fifth birthday that his mother extracted from him a consent to pay a long delayed visit to the Earl of V——, and if he should find Lady Honoria still as favorably disposed towards him as she once seemed to be, to offer her his hand. For this purpose he went to London. Lady Borrodaile had no fears respecting the possibility of his meeting with Eleanor, for her obsequious *confidante*, Miss Toogood, was carefully apprised of Sir Philip's intended journey, and had orders to keep her fair inmate pretty close during his stay in town. Great was the surprise of Miss Toogood when a gentleman called at the "establishment," and demanded an instant and private interview with Miss Armstrong. Greater still was her consternation when, on entering the drawing-room half an hour afterwards in an agony of uncontrollable curiosity, the gentleman announced himself as Sir Philip Borrodaile. Greatest of all was the anger of his lady mother when she was informed of the frustration of her schemes!

A fortnight after his memorable visit to the exhibition, Sir Philip Borrodaile kept his twenty-fifth birthday. In three months more a bridal party stood before the altar of St. George's, Hanover-square. Sir Philip Borrodaile the bridegroom, a bishop pronounced the blessing, I gave away the bride, and that bride was Eleanor Armstrong.

The portrait, which plays so conspicuous a part in this faithful narrative, still hangs in the gallery of Borrodaile Park. There are many others around it by far worthier hands than mine—pictures, for which hundreds and thousands have been refused—pictures, that have raised the envy of half the connoisseurs in Europe—but there is not one which the master so dearly prizes as that which made its *debut* at Somerset House in the humble character of the "Portrait of a young lady."

Dublin University Magazine.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS,

OR ENGLISH JOCKEYS.

"Right past the stand and round the hill
They sweep like arrows swift;
Now Nicholson begins to flog,
And Templeman to lift;
Edwards is waiting for a dash
With keen and wary eye;
The Chair is past—the race is won,
Hurra for Tommy Lye!"

Lancashire ballad.

"Dang it! that lad rides weel; he *bends his back*," was an observation we once heard applied by an honest farmer to a young lad, who, standing up in his stirrups with a red handkerchief round his head, jacket sleeves turned inside out, and clogs to match, was giving an old leather-plater its canter previous to the start for a saddle at some village races in the North. Leaving, however, the village ale-house and the road-side course, we shall proceed to give a slight sketch of the heroes, who (according to the honest yeoman's sole idea of jockeyship) *bend the back* and flourish the whip on the Northern Turf.

We shall take our cue from the author of the Lancashire Ballad, and as *there* Tommy has had the precedence given him, we shall award him the same place *here*. Of the Northern Turf he may certainly be styled the Patriarch, not perhaps on account of his age, although the grey heirs which stray from beneath his jockey cap seem to plead guilty to fifty summers, but because he has ridden, and, we may add, *won* nearly double the races of any man in the North. With all the advantages, however, of years of experience, we are far from pronouncing him a very accomplished jockey. His judgment of pace is first-rate, but he lacks that great essential, strength of hand, and if his horse requires to be punched much during the race, or to be lifted along at last, he is unable to struggle in his saddle with such powerful men as Templeman, Darling, and Harry Edwards. His great maxim in riding is to "take the lead," and, what is more, in four races out of ten he contrives to "keep it." Engagements accumulate upon him without end, comprehending *almost* every Racing Meeting in England. His masters are, the Duke of Cleveland, Lord Eglinton, and Lord Stanley, and last season alone he deported thirty-five Stakes in the *escritoire* at Eglinton Castle. Besides riding for these masters, his other engagements are so numerable, that, by way of illustration, we may add, that at the last Newcastle Meeting he rode fourteen races out of the fifteen! In height he is about five feet two inches, and rides 6 st. 8 lbs. easily.

In speaking of Darling, we should not say he was a very elegant, but emphatically a very powerful jockey. His nerve and strength of hand are immense, and were displayed in a very eminent degree at the late Chester Meeting, where he won the Trades' Cup on Cardinal Puff, beating a field of seventeen, to the astonishment and discomfiture of the "*knowing* ones." His riding is very much in the Chifney style, as he invariably prefers waiting till near the finish, and then makes a desperate rush, which has often proved successful. He won the St. Leger in 1833 on Rockingham, and since then has had his share of the good things, particularly on his *everlasting* gelding Isaac. The Marquises of Exeter and Westminster and Sir Richard Berkeley are his masters, and we believe Mr. Mostyn may be added to the list.

Samuel seems an indigenous name among jockeys: we have just mentioned the Samuels Chifney and Darling—Day and Rogers own to the same title, and, though last not least, we have Samuel Templeman. In speaking of him we should say that he was a very superior jockey, cool-headed, and a very fine finisher of a race. To his full possession of this latter quality every one will testify who saw him win the race for the Manchester Cup in 1838, when he brought up Catherina about ten yards from the Chair, though apparently dead beat, and won his race by the most splendid tact by a *bare nose*. He may be said in College phrase to have taken his degree of M. A. this year on Bloomsbury, with the odds 40 to 1 against him. He is taller than the generality of jockeys, and has a very excellent seat. His masters are Sir Thomas Stanley, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Meiklam. Of late he has sustained a great loss in the death of the Duke of Leeds, who was long his principal employer. He seldom goes South, and then perhaps only to ride at Epsom.

The "Macready," however, of the North, in our opinion, is Harry Edwards, as his elegant seat, his general cut and air, and, above all, his nerve and science, entitle him to rank among the best of his Southern brethren. His great plan in riding a race appears to lie a good second till near the distance, where he invariably challenges his opponent for the run in. His *chef d'œuvre* lately was his winning the Liverpool Trades' and Stand Cups for Mr. Ramsay, on Inheritor, at the July Meeting in 1837, and his performing the same office for Don John in the Three Hundred Guineas Stakes at the Newmarket First Spring. The Messrs. Scott, we believe, are his first masters, the "Squire" having next preference. Of late he has been riding Lanercost and Haworth, with tolerable success, for a Mr. Ramshay, of Cumberland, and has occasionally mounted the green and yellow for Mr. Ramsay. Although he has ridden Derbys and St. Legers for the last fifteen years, he has never yet been transferred into the "gallery of winners," although, if Hetman Platoff should continue all right, considering Kremlin's recent performances and Platoff's Liverpool running, we should not be at all surprised to see him win the Doncaster event with him next month.

Passing on, we come to John Holmes, who is a very nice jockey, and a determined punisher when needed. This latter quality he may have imbibed from General Chassé, whom he rode throughout the whole of his victorious though hard-fought career. As a rider he is not in very great repute, and has the misfortune of being very deaf, a disadvantage certainly in receiving instructions before starting, although perhaps an acquisition in racing through the "howling wilderness of humanity" that surround the cords. His principal employers are Sir James Boswell, Mr. Powlett, and Mr. Jacques, for whom he has certainly won a good share of races—among other things, carrying off the Oaks for the second named gentleman in 1837.

Cartwright is a very rising lad, and, with the exception, perhaps, of Lye and Thompson, wins as many races in the year as any of his brethren. He has ridden Bee's-wing, *the* mare of England, in all her triumphs, and will again shew we have no doubt, and before the end of the season, that "there's life in the old mare yet." Mr. Orde, Mr. Ramsay, and Captain Fairlie are his regular masters; and when he is not riding for them, he is sure of an engagement among the other Northern sportsmen, with whom he is a general favorite. He has of late added the Curragh to his circuit, and rides many of the winning horses there. His weight is exceedingly light, not ordinarily exceeding 7 st; he can consequently bring himself with very little trouble to the handicap weights. Added to a nice seat, he has a great deal of nerve and judgment, and will, no doubt, in a few years be "foremost among the best."

Calloway, although a clever, is by no means a popular jockey. In 1834 he won the St. Leger, but since then he has ridden comparatively little, Mr. Fowler being his principal employer. Of late, however, he has been brought into notice by Harkaway, whom he has handled remarkably well in all his English triumphs. His style of riding is neat, but by no means first rate. His *forte*, however, seems to lie in heats, which he manages with great patience.

Heseltine is at present only a young practitioner, and certainly so far rather a defective one: he appears, however under great disadvantages, as he is too tall for a neat jockey, and to obviate his length of leg, he invariably rides with his knees almost touching the pommel. We must, however, do him the justice to say, that he has generally ridden Bolus and Slashing Harry very well, although he made a terrible exhibition of bad judgment in riding the latter against William Scott and Cardinal Puff for the Liverpool St. Leger two years ago.

Marlow, although nothing very "flash," is a very fair jockey, and has ridden with very great success for Alderman Copeland. His principal performance was his winning the Chester Trades' Cup in 1838 for the Alderman on King Cole.

Morris Jones is as yet in no great repute, and has, in consequence of some dispute about Zillah's running for the Chester Cup, received his dismissal from Mr. Price's stable. It could not certainly be about the mare's defeat that Mr. P. took offence, as her recent performances shew that she was entitled to no other fate. He is a clever young jockey, and rides frequently for Lord Stanley in case of Lye being engaged elsewhere.

Nicholson rides very little now, and seems, like Nelson, to be going out of fashion. The latter, we believe, has given it up altogether, Edward Edwards taking his seat on Lord Kelburne's horses. The former still continues to ride for Mr. Blakelock, and consequently had the pleasure of cantering the St. Leger colt, The Commodore, in all his two year-old engagements.

Francis is a very nice little weight, and shewed to great advantage lately upon Charles the Twelfth at Liverpool. By many he is considered the prince of the Northern light weights, but is, in our opinion, by no means equal to young Whitehouse. This latter jockey's riding is principally confined to Mr. Edmund Peel's horses, whose grey colt Saul he steered with great success last year.

Marson rides but seldom, and mostly successfully. His winnings this year have been principally on Antigua.

Henry Arthur has not ridden lately, and when he did it was almost always only to mount Amurath, with whom he gained a fair share of victories.

One of the neatest young jocks, in our opinion, is William Oates. Having only left the training-stables about two years, he has not as yet had much practice. Combined with a nice seat, he is evidently possessed of great coolness, and struggles well at the last. He rides principally for Mr. Attwood and Captain Wrather.

Wetherall is a very middling hand, and, as we ourselves can testify from observation, threw away, by bad management, a very capital chance of winning when riding Lanercost for the last Liverpool Trades' Cup.

Edgar and Noble ride fairly, the former the better of the two: but they, like many other young jockeys, have fallen into the prevalent mistake of quitting the racing stable too soon. Nothing can be more disadvantageous to a young man than such a proceeding, as three times out of four they leave the stables contrary to the wish of the trainers, and thus make enemies of those who otherwise might often have given them a leg on. They seem to think that in stables their candle is only "hid under a *bushel*," and thus it is, from their over-eagerness to get on their own *footing* among their brethren, that they never get a *standing* amongst them, as few persons like to engage a young jockey for a permanency, and there are plenty of others more experienced to dispute the casual riding with them. Many a fine-talented young man has been spoiled this way; and, instead of being engaged by regular masters, he becomes a sort of hack jockey all his life.

Of a lack of young jockeys the Northern Turf has no reason to complain. Scott is bringing forward Birbeck and a young son of Harry Edwards; and Dawson, Johnson, and Gill have got other "young 'uns" in training. We certainly wish from our hearts that they may rise to perfection, and that, like the Templemans, the Lyes, and the Edwardses of the present day, they may hereafter shine forth to the racing world as Northern Lights.

Colonel Chasse.

P.S. As a biographical sketch of William Scott has lately been given in this Magazine, we have not thought it necessary to speak of him here among his brethren.—C. C.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine.

AN ELOPEMENT.

FROM "ADVENTURES OF AN ATTORNEY IN SEARCH OF PRACTICE."

"Quomodo ergo id quod fit cæco casu et volubilitate fortunæ præsentiri potest?"
—Cic. de Div.

While my thoughts were yet but little occupied with the cares of business (and alas! I was full thirty ere business had much to do with them), I used to ramble about at parties and soirées, in the certainty of finding amusement, if I did not find clients. On one of these occasions, I fell into company with a very agreeable lady of four-and-twenty. I knew that she was engaged, and shortly to be married; hence love had nothing to do with it; but I played the agreeable so delightfully, that the fair creature, knowing I was "a lawyer," as they are all pleased to call us, told me she wanted to consult me about her affairs. It is of little use preaching about it; I am going to read a very instructive lesson; and yet I am quite certain that there is not one of my readers to be found, under seven or eight-and-twenty, who will not, as assuredly I did, fall into the same error, if he has the same opportunity. She declared that she was serious; it is quite impossible to advise while one is waltzing—the head is too giddy, to say nothing of other enchantments; so I invited her to call on me the following day. She came, chaperoned by the lady at whose house she was staying, and who was as young and yet prettier than herself. I must give her a *nom de guerre*, and I will call her Mrs. Chartres. My fair client's object was *bona fide* to ask me her own position in respect of some proceedings in an amicable suit, in which all her family were involved, but which, as they supposed, was conducted by the family solicitor with somewhat less activity than was desirable. I think she called on me twice after this. It is very many years ago, and I cannot exactly remember how many times we met; but it was sufficiently often to make me familiar with the nature and position of her property. About six weeks after our first interview, I received a very singular note from her. She resided ten miles from town, and she wrote to request that I would ride over to see her the following day at three o'clock, to advise her on *urgent* business There was so far nothing extraordinary; but the note concluded with saying that her mother's house was so full of friends, that she could not hope to talk with me there, with any convenience, but she would call on me at the inn of the town! I hesitated long before I could decide on the proper course to take; but as the word "urgent" was twice underlined, it seemed cruel to refuse; and notwithstanding she had imposed confidence on me, I determined to call on our mutual friend, Mrs. Chartres, and consult her. I showed her the letter. "You need not entertain any doubt on the case," said Mrs. Chartres: "I know that her lover has had a quarrel with the mother, and the marriage has been put off; she wants you to be the mediator." "Very well; but I think her lover would scarcely like this stolen interview at an inn, nevertheless; will you go with me?" "With all my heart;" and we ordered our horses: both her horses and mine were at livery at the same stables. "We have a few friends to dine with us at five; will you join us at dinner?" I accepted her invitation. Thinking it might occasion some tattling below stairs, at our friend's expense, Mrs. Chartres would not take her groom, though he had always attended us in our rides, which were not unfrequent. When we arrived at the inn at * * * * * *, the young lady was not there. We waited nearly an hour; and began to feel uneasy, when the damsel appeared.

"Bless me, Sophia! what a figure you have made of yourself!" exclaimed Mrs. Chartres. "One would think you had got all your wardrobe on your back!"

"So I have, except a trunk that I have had smuggled here!"

"What is it all about! where are you going?"

"I am going off!"

"Where? when?"

"To Yorkshire—to-night!"

"Not with me, I presume, Miss Danvers?" I asked, half laughing, but really uneasy.

"No, Mr. Sharpe; not *all* the way; but I do want you to put me in the mail."

"And why did not Mr. Douglas meet you himself?"

"Because he is watched at every step."

"Was this then, the 'urgent' affair you wanted me to advise in?"

"Not altogether; Mr. Douglas wished you to prepare something for me in the way of settlement, to take with me, for we shall be married the day after to-morrow."

"Your mother of course knows nothing of this frolic. I hope you have left a letter for her?"

"No, I have not; she went yesterday to my aunt's, at Croydon."

Both Mrs. Chartres and I exerted all our powers to divert her from her purpose, but in vain: she had ordered a chaise, and it was at the door; we continued arguing with her for above an hour, and the most we could obtain from her was to leave a letter for her mother, which nearly another hour was spent in preparing: the next point was, whether it was right to accompany her to the coach? It was already six o'clock, and the spring not far advanced; consequently it was growing dark, and would be quite so by the time she reached London. I could not allow Mrs. Chartres to ride home, a distance of ten miles, unattended; but the good-natured girl put an end to the difficulty, by saying she would accompany us in the chaise. I therefore sent our horses back to their stables by the ostler of the inn, with a verbal message, which the blockhead forgot. We arrived just in time to secure the only remaining place inside the York mail, and giving Miss Danvers a few hurried lines to Mr. Douglas, to suggest the sort of prenuptial agreement it would be right to make, we took our leave of her. Some accidents impeded their marriage for a short time, but it soon took place, and I believe it proved a happy one.

Now, however, came the fun of the affair. So intent had both of us been on the discussion with Miss Danvers, and so absorbed by the interest we felt in her strange position, that Mrs. Chartres and I had alike forgotten the dinner, the party, the time, and every thing else. Meanwhile a curious scene was acting in Bryanstone Square, the residence of Mrs. Chartres. Four o'clock came.

"Where is your mistress, Anne?'

"She is gone out for a ride, sir."

"When did she say she would return?"

"She only told me in good time to dress, sir."

"Who was with her?"

"Mr. Sharpe, sir."

Half-past four!

"Is Mrs. Chartres come home?"

"No, sir."

"Very careless! did John go with her?"

"No, sir."

"Very strange!"

Five o'clock, and no Mrs. Chartres! Half-past five! There were Mrs. Langston, and Miss Langston, and Mr. Henderson, and the two Miss Dixons, and the Rev. Doctor, and half a dozen besides; all simpering and all wondering, and all divided between curiosity and hunger, with sundry good-natured suggestions, and explanations, and sympathizing consolations; some would wait half an hour longer, and some would order up dinner; for "dear Mrs. Chartres would be so distressed;" while the poor husband smiled and giggled it off; and Mr. Chetwyn, her father, who began to suspect it was no jest at all, "didn't like such jesting, and rambling about after dark; and dinner spoilt while that brainless young Sharpe was leading his daughter scampering about the country, &c., &c.: if I were you, Tom, I would lock her up whenever that scape-grace turned his horse's head this way." This was giving so pointed a turn to the affair, that by way of closing the discussion, Chartres ordered up the dinner, and handed down the ladies; but matters began to be uncomfortable, and Chartres soon made them worse by suddenly exclaiming, as the clock struck seven,

"I see how it is! they have had an accident:" and running to the bell, ordered John to go instantly to the stables, and inquire if the horses had been sent home, while the other servant brought a chaise to the door, to be promptly ready to go in search of the sufferers.

"It must be so! dear Mr. Chartres, now don't distress yourself, pray don't."

"That we should never have thought of this sooner!"

"Poor dear Mrs. Chartres, what she must suffer!"

"Well, I hope she has not broken her leg!!"

"Now be composed, Mr. Chartres, all will be well!"

"Had you not better send for Mr. Brodie immediately?"

And half a hundred similar speeches were simultaneously poured forth by all their sweet voices united; Chartres striding from his chair to the window, and back to his chair, and Chetwyn sitting silent, till he groaned out,

"That's the only word of sense that's said; send for Brodie directly."

In the midst of the hubbub re-entered John.

"Are the horses come back?" thundered out Chartres.

"Yes, sir."

"Oh la! and is she killed? where is she hurt? get her bed ready, and call Anne," &c., &c., &c., while John stood mute, but with a sort of half repressed grin on his face, that at once dispelled *immediate* alarm about her safety.

"Are the horses hurt?" asked Chartres.

"No, sir."

"Who brought them?"

"The ostler at ———."

"Any message?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ask the man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't stand twisting your mouth that way, blockhead, with your 'yes' and 'no!' Tell us what passed."

"The man said, sir, as how mistress and Mr. Sharpe—" (*pausing*).

"Speak out, sir!" shouted Chartres.

"Gone off, sir, in a Dartford chaise."

"Impossible!" groaned Chetwyn.

"Oh la!" "Oh dear!" "How shocking!" "How very odd!" "How sad an event!" screamed Miss Langston, and Mrs. Langston, and the two Miss Dixons, in every variety of intonation.

"Awfully wicked!" observed the Rev. Doctor, deliberately exhausting a glass of port.

"Order four horses to the chaise at the door! Henderson, you'll accompany me—Dover Road! do you hear there?" and so saying, Chartres left the room; mounted the flight of stairs in a hop, step, and jump; hurried on a great coat; and was equipped for Calais in less than ten minutes. Meanwhile the ladies hystericized, and fainted, and ran this way, and the other way, as ladies will do on such occasions; and the ladies' maids chattered, and comforted, and cloaked, as fast as they could; while hartshorn, and sal volatile, and burnt feathers, were poured and scattered here and there, and the whole house one Babel of confusion; not one of the party dreaming of going, in spite of preparation for it, while a chance remained of gleaning more food for curiosity and scandal.

The hubbub had scarcely at all subsided, when a loud rap at the door announced a visiter.

"Not at home!" exclaimed Mr. Chetwyn, to prevent intrusion at such an unseasonable hour: but the mandate was unheeded in the general confusion below stairs. The ladies, hearing footsteps ascending, resumed their chairs, with as much calmness as they could muster. The door opened; and in walked Mrs. Chartres, more radiant with smiles than ever, though not a little surprised at the strange chaos which seemed to reign; while I followed close behind her, as cheerful and composed as if nothing had occurred to disturb me.

"Very extraordinary, Mrs. Chartres! very strange conduct this, Mr. Sharpe!" said her husband sternly.

"Where the devil have you been?" cried her father.

"Dear Mrs. Chartres!" exclaimed all the ladies at once.

"Chartres," I said, "your wife is tired: take her up stairs, and she'll give you a good hour's laugh:" for though this *denouement* had never once occurred to either of us during the whole of the busy scene in which we had been engaged, I saw, by a glance of the eye, what it all meant.

"And now, Mr. Chetwyn, order us some dinner, if you please; for we have not tasted any to-day."

Manifold indeed were the inquiries, and ardent the curiosity—all unbonneted and unshawled again, but we could not gratify them: though when Chartres re-entered the room ten minutes after, and shook me by the hand most cordially, laughing all the time, and loudly commending my chivalry, the fair creatures almost forgot their disappointment that there was no elopement after all, in their unfeigned delight at the returning spirit of domestic harmony and love.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

We learn from Baltimore that *The Queen* has been sold to Mr. James Long, the owner of Boston. Since she made her great race at Petersburg, she has won a three mile race at Broad Rock, where she met with some slight accident, on account of which she has been turned out. She was sold at the modest figure of $8000, cash.

It is reported in the Kentucky papers that *Grey Eagle* has already been matched with *Wagner*, four mile heats, and $10,000 a side, to run the Monday after the Oakland Meeting. As the news was not received through the editor, we do not vouch for it.

Omega is said to be the nag with which Mr. Hare will go for the great stake at Camden next week. Perhaps she will get the old "bald stud" so tired that *Decatur* will be able to travel with him at Trenton. The races at Trenton, we would inform subscribers at a distance, are to be the most brilliant, in all probability, of any that have ever come off there.

We are told that either *Norfolk*, or Col. Johnson's *Maria West* entry, will ot start in the great stake at Camden, but that the Col. will make his choice of the two. Break the heats, gentlemen, and hear us name the winner!

An effort is now making, we learn, to establish a race course and Jockey Club at Fayetteville, N. C. It is thought to be a more convenient point of meeting for the Virginia and Southern stables than the course at Raleigh. We wish to both clubs all prosperity.

Trotting Sweepstakes.—For the 28th of this month, a stake has been made up to come off over the Beacon Course that is full of promise of sport. *Dutchman*, *Awful*, and *Henry Clay*, (alias the *Ice Poney*) are entered. The conditions, as we learn, are $1000 subscription, $300 forfeit, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, to go in wagons, weight of wagon and driver, 345 lbs. Should the track be fine, such time will be made as has not yet been recorded.

Camden Races.—These commence next Tuesday with a very promising Sweepstakes; but the great attraction of the meeting is the Four mile purse of $1000, with an inside stake of $2000, P.P., three subscribers. The same gentlemen are engaged in this, as in the late great stakes at Norfolk and Petersburg. The citizens of Philadelphia support racing with more zeal than our own citizens; the races this Fall are eminently worthy of their continued patronage, and if the weather but favors him, Mr. Friend may count upon a better meeting than he has yet had on his beautiful track. The stables of Col. Johnson, Mr. Hare, Mr. Kendall, Mr. McDaniel, and Mr. Kirby, will be there from the South, and almost every Northern stable. We should name again the very capital stake to come off the first. Almost every entry has been a winner, and it is impossible to say who will be the favorite. Look again to the advertisement.

Trenton Races.—Through some shocking carelessness, not on the part of the editor, the advertisement of these approaching races, was left out last week; it is now restored. It is proper to say this, that none may suspect that there is to be "any mistake" about a meeting which, if brilliant purses can bring it about, will be better attended than any meeting at the North for many years. Some new stakes have been made up which have not before been advertised, to which attention is called. All the Southern stables which attend at Camden, will of course, go over to Trenton for the larger purses.

Washington and Broad Rock Races.—We have been grievously disappointed in not receiving reports of these races. It is impossible for us to have a special reporter at every race in the country. We employ three to travel constantly, at very great expense, and the senior editor himself is now in attendance upon races in the West. Doing thus much ourselves for the good of the cause (no other paper sharing with us the cost, as in London), it does not seem unreasonable to request the Secretaries of courses which we are unable to attend, to forward us early returns of the running on their several tracks. We shall be especially obliged to any friend at Washington or Richmond who will send a full report of the late meetings for our next paper.

Canada Turf.—On the 8th page of this paper may be found a report of the Kingston (U. C.) races, sent to us by the Secretary, as reported for the "Chronicle." Measures are now in progress to establish an Upper Canada Turf Club, and the Queen will be respectfully solicited to sanction the enterprise by giving a plate to be run for under the auspices of the Club at Kingston and Toronto, alternately. We hope ere many years to see such inducements held out to turfmen on both sides of "the line," and such kindly feelings existing between them, that English and American stables may attend regularly the races in Canada and on Long Island. The Canadians have lost none of the English fondness for the sport; but they have not yet made so extensive importations of stock as might have been looked for. The patronage of her Majesty in giving plates, and the establishment of Jockey Clubs, will give an impetus to the sport, that will immediately lead to improvements in the stock. We shall hail such ameliorations with the greatest warmth.

It will be seen from the report of the Kingston races, that two gentlemen,—Mr. Wynniatt and Mr. McClure, R.N.,—met with severe accidents. With sincere pleasure we state that a private letter assures us that both the gentlemen are doing well. The races closed with a Turf Club ball, which is described to us as a splendid affair.

Hon. Balie Peyton & Alex. Henderson, Esq., have sold their b. m. *Maria Sheppard* (dam of Lilac), foaled in 1824, by Sir Archy, dam by Shylock, grandam Lady Burton, and now in foal to Imp. Leviathan, to Thos. Mumford, Esq., of Lebanon, Tenn., for $2500.

Col. Wm. Wynn, of Va., has sold his yearling filly, by Imp. Priam, out of Isabella, to Messrs. H. & W. W. Gift, of Raleigh, Tenn., for $3000.

The whole of Col. W.'s stock are for sale, on credit, including Harkaway, Malcolm, Compact, Mary Wynn, Martha Washington, Isabella, Picton, &c. The Colonel intends moving to Texas.

We learn that *Mingo* will remain in Kentucky another year, and will make his next season under the charge of Messrs. Hughes & Sheffer, at the farm of the former, six miles from Lexington, on the turnpike road from Lexington to Maysville. He will be permitted to serve a few mares this Fall.

Alexander Erskine, Esq., of Virginia, claims the name of *Cousin Mag* for a bay filly foaled in March last, by Matchem, dam by Rockingham, grandam by Snowstorm.

Hon. Balie Peyton has sold his br. f. *Cloud*, 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan out of Lady Burton (the dam of Contresnapper), by Sir Archy, to Alex. Henderson, Esq., of Greenville, Sumpter Co., Ala., for $2000.

The name of *Theodore* is claimed for Mr. Sale's br. c. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Owen's Partnership.

D. McDaniel, Esq., claims the name of *Ellen Thomas*, for his ch. f., ful sister to Vashti.

NEW YORK J. C. RACES. FIRST FALL MEETING.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

If nothing else were propitious to our autumn sport on Long Island, the weather at least was delightful, and the attendance in consequence was better than many had anticipated. The Sweepstakes up for the first day promised little, but it resulted yet more lamely than it promised. But two came to the post—Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' Shark filly, out of Meg Dods, and Mr. Wilkes' colt by Barefoot, out of Saluda. The colt bolted before he passed the Ladies' Stand, coming near to throwing his rider. When brought into the track again, he ran but a few yards before he again bolted, when he was immediately pulled up, and the filly galloped round for the money. The colt was probably frightened by the spectators; he performed precisely the same tricks last Spring in a Sweepstakes, also won by Mr. R. L. Stevens. We learn that during all his training, he had given no hint of his intention thus to sulk, and that in a trial of mile heats only on Friday last, he ran with perfect kindness on the same track.

The purse of $200, Two mile heats, brought out Mr. Van Mater's *Trenton*, Mr. Kirby's b. c. by Maryland Eclipse, and Mr. Bathgate's *Waterloo*. They went off with the Southern colt on the inside, and Waterloo on the outside; Trenton, however, immediately took the track, and went off at a good racing pace, closely followed by the Southerner, while Waterloo ran under a pull behind, well up, and ready for a rush. Thus they went for a mile and a quarter, when Waterloo was called upon; he ran up to the second horse in a moment, passed him, and dashed at the leader, Trenton. They ran locked many yards on the back side, their terrible rate dropping the Maryland Eclipse at every stroke; for a single second Waterloo got his neck in front, though it was but for a second, Trenton gradually drawing clear of him, and winning the heat by nearly two lengths, in 3:46. Mr. Kirby's colt, a few yards beyond the half-mile post, sulked and bolted. We learn that he not unfrequently runs thus unkindly.

The betting before the first heat had been so various, that we are unable to report it accurately. Waterloo and Trenton were alone named, the latter rather the favorite upon one stand, and Waterloo upon the other. After the heat 4 to 1 was freely offered on Trenton, but little taken. The second heat was run much like the first, Trenton cutting out the work at a very severe pace for a mile and a quarter, when Waterloo went up to him, and a brush ensued, such as we have rarely seen. Although Trenton was not once headed, yet the Victory colt kep up his run so steadily and stoutly, that those who had laid the odds began to waver in their confidence. On the north turn Trenton drew clear, and though another rally followed in the run home (Waterloo taking the persuaders freely), he won the heat in 3:45 by a length, without tasting steel in any part of it. Waterloo is the most unfortunate of colts; in most crowds he would be too fast for the fastest, but he seems doomed to run second, with all his speed and endurance In the Spring he ran *Hornblower* to a head in 3:46. He is unquestionably a very fine animal. Record:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Seven subscribers at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.
Robt. L. Stevens' bl. f. *Midnight*, by Shark, out of Meg Dods by Sir Archy. *Joe Laird* 1
H. Wilkes' ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda by Timoleon .... bolt.
Time not kept.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $300, $50 of which goes to the second horse, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Trenton*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs .... *Abram* 1 1
S. Laird's b. c. *Waterloo*, by Imp. Victory, out of Maid of the Mill, 4 yrs 2 2
John D. Kirby's (of Va.) b. c. by Maryland Eclipse, out of Lady Clifden's dam by Ratray, 4 yrs .... dist.
Time, 3:46—3:45. Track in good order.

SECOND DAY.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Purse $400, $100 of which goes to the second horse, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
Samuel Laird's ch. c. *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, 4 yrs 1 1
John D. Kirby's (of Va.) b. h. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs 3 2
Daniel Abbott's gr. h. *Manalopan*, by Medley, dam by John Richards, 6 yrs .... 2 dr
Time, 5:45½—5:57.

Manalopan ran the winner nearly to a head in the first heat, but broke off the point of his hoof, and pulled up lame, and was consequently drawn.

THIRD DAY.

Notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the heavens on Thursday morning, a goodly number of amateurs found their way to the course, and were rewarded by the finest weather and capital sport. For the four mile purse there were three entries, *Hornblower*, for whom $8000 had often been refused; *Decatur*, who had ran on the National Course in 7:45, and *Caroline*, the speedy Miss Mattie filly. In town the night previous Hornblower was fancied to the tune of 100 to 50, but so many takers were found, that such capitalists as sought investment on these terms in the stock of Monmouth Eclipse and John Richards, were soon exhausted; the next day they were more circumspect, and 100 to 60 may be quoted as the odds previous to the start. Since his great race at Washington, Decatur had done nothing to strengthen, or even maintain the reputation which he then won; the Miss Mattie filly was recorded as a speedy goer, but liking better the shorter distances; Hornblower had already appeared in many a hard fought field, not, however, with the distance of four miles before him. The first heat needs no other description than a simple record of the time of the different miles; Hornblower took the track early in the race, and was never headed throughout the first heat, although Decatur made several desperate rallies with him. Upon entering the fourth mile the old horse went up to him, and the whole mile was one of the most exciting contests we recollect to have witnessed. The colt, however, ran under the disadvantage of a light rider, who was utterly unable to place him; he yawed him about, pulling and sawing him from end to end in a manner to distress anything that *can* go along. As it was, the colt was run to the saddle girth by the veteran Decatur, in the very fast time of 7:47½, the unflinching game of the latter giving renewed confidence to the backers of the field. Caroline was quite high, and two days previous to the race had shown lameness in one leg; it was accordingly announced from the stand, on the part of her gallant owner, before the start, that she should not start in the second heat, unless she entirely disappointed his expectations in the first heat. In this, however, he was not disappointed, for the mare obviously wanted her usual action, and was quite unable to save her distance.

For the second heat there was hardly any betting; the backers of the field now required 100 to 40, but none would lay such odds, when they recalled how close a thing had been the first heat, and thought of the undoubted game of Decatur. Hornblower went off with the lead, Decatur well up to him, and going freely under a pull. The colt in this heat was pulled from side to side as before, but had plainly lost a good deal of that fondness for "going along," which so characterized him in the early part of the race. Upon entering the second mile, the old horse, ridden throughout to a charm by *Mingo's* old jockey, made a das at the "young 'un," and ran locked with him till nearly the first quarter post, when the colt drew clear again. But he received no respite from the old horse, who appeared to delight in putting him to his best every few hundred yards, and who again, as they came to the quarter stretch, made a run at him, and they passed the stand nearly lapped. Upon the turns the colt swerved so much from the pole, that to pass him on the outside would require even a greater detour than Willis exacted from *Post Boy* in his contest with *John Bascombe*; the jock on Decatur, therefore, determined to try him on the inside as they went round in the first quarter of the third mile; he slipped in to the manifest hazard of both rider and horse, and the crowd "held their breath for a time," as they watched for the issue of this *ruse de guerre*; *Abe*, on Hornblower, was wide awake, and upon finding the "old 'un" creeping upon him in this manner, gave his colt the taste of the catgut and cold metal; he had lost the lead, and made a burst to regain *it* and the track, which was indeed successful in gaining the immediate end, but which took the "go along" out of the colt "amazing." I was now no fun to see the struggle; each nag was punished severely, but the old horse showed none of those symptoms of fatigue which are absolutely fatal to a young thing in the third mile of a four mile heat. Decatur pulled to the colt on every turn, making his run in the stretches, till at last they swept round into the straight run to enter the fourth mile. Here in every mile of each heat had he made his run, and it was evident that had he now enough left in him to repeat the operation, it was all over with the Jersey colt. He *did have* it in him, and just as they passed the stand, at it he went, and passed his antagonist in a few score of yards; when the shoutings of the crowds upon the stands led to this singular error: each jockey imagined that the race was over, and endeavored to pull up his horse, to the infinite consternation of the betting men. The cries of "go on" from the stands, however, put *Jack* right, and he allowed Decatur to subside merely into a long lope, from which he speedily recovered, and again went off at his old pace. Not so, however, with Hornblower; he was too ready to obey his jockey and hold up to think of resuming the killing pace at which he had ran the first three miles of this heat; being a long rating horse, he did not indeed recover his stride throughout, and Decatur now pushed to end the matter with this heat, left him every moment. The gallant colt was shut out after a struggle which would do honor to any nag in the land. Before the race, too, his friends freely asserted that he was too high.

Now to Decatur; this is unquestionably the best race he ever made; he was beaten in the first heat by less than half a length, in 7:47½, and he ran the first three miles of the next heat in 5:47, and was evidently able to accomplish the last mile in four or five seconds less time than that in which he made it. We are gratified indeed for his owner's sake, and for the sake of the old horse, who ever since his defeat of *Fanny Wyatt* at Washington, has been veritably in disgrace. No one is now so bold as to deny his speed, and who that witnessed the frequent and severe brushes which he made in this his last race, will question his indomitable game? Too much praise cannot be given his jockey, who pursued that cut-throat system which no young horse can resist with such an antagonist against him as Decatur.

The sweepstakes which followed this race was an easy affair; Capt. Stockton's entry being heavily engaged at Camden, and his condition not suiting, was drawn. The first mile of the race was a clever thing—a very sharp contest between Treasurer and the Southern colt, but doubts as to the issue existed no longer than the termination of that mile. Mr. Kirby very properly drew his entry, he being engaged at Camden in valuable stakes. Below is the record of the very excellent sport afforded this day.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse $800, $200 of which goes to the second horse, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
S. Laird's ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 6 yrs .... *Jack* 2 1
J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Hornblower*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards, 4 yrs .... 1 dist.
R. F. Stockton's b. f. *Caroline*, by Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy, 3 yrs. dist.
Time, 7:47½—7:52.

The reader may be interested with the time of the different miles:—

First heat.		*Second heat.*	
1st mile	2:01½	1st mile	1:57½
2d mile	1:56	2d mile	1:54½
3d mile	1:57½	3d mile	1:55
4th mile	1:52½	4th mile	2:05

The reader will see by a moment's calculation that the last three miles of the first heat were done in 5:46, and the first three miles of the second heat in 5:47.

SAME DAY—*Second heat*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as on Tuesday. Three subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.
Wm. Jones' b. c. *Treasurer*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc 1 1
Jno. D. Kirby's (of Va.) br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid .... 2 dr
R. F. Stockton's Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel .... pd.ft.
Time, 3:53½.

BALTIMORE (Md.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *Kendall Course* commenced on Tuesday last, and the annexed report of them is furnished by one of our own reporters, who went on for the purpose.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Match, $200 a side, Two mile heats.
Jas. Adams' ch. g. *Red Rat*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs., 115lbs .... *Elijah White* 1 1
T. R. S. Boyce's Imp. ch. c. *Foreigner*, by The Colonel, 4 yrs 2 2
Time, 3:59—4:00. Track heavy.

Bets at starting 2 and 3 to 1 on the imported colt; won easily.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $500 each, $200 ft. Two mile heats.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West by Marion .... rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.
Wm. Gibbons' bl. c. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles. 3 3 1 1
David McDaniel's b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon 1 2 4 2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Shark, out of Coquette .... 4 1 3 dr
Col. Frs. Thompson's (Col. F. C. Green's) b. f. by Imp. Autocrat, out of Laura 2 4 2 *
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. *Lady Canton*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Randolph by Gohanna .... 5 dr
Time, 3:49—3:49—3:56—4:03. * Ruled out. Track heavy.

This was as game a race as ever was ran, the Autocrat filly being the favorite. In the first heat the Whale and Autocrat made the running, the former winning by two or three lengths. For the second heat there were several false starts, in one of which the winner of the first heat ran out the full mile.—In this heat, first the Coquette colt and then *Mariner* ran at McDaniel's entry, and every inch of the ground was well contested. On the last quarter, the Coquette again took up the running, and won the heat by a length, Mariner pulling up just inside the distance post.

In the third heat Mariner took the lead from the start, and though the Autocrat filly made several dashes at him, he won the heat by three open lengths. The Coquette colt pulled up lame, and was drawn; the Autocrat was ruled out, not winning a heat in three; Mariner had it all his own way, coming in as fresh as in the first heat. This colt possesses the most undoubted bottom, for in each of the races he has won, it has been by winning the third and fourth heats.

☞ We are compelled, by want of room, to give nothing more than the placing in these races.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, that never started in a public race. Five subs. at $200 each, $100 ft., weights as on Tuesday. Two mile heats.
Gen. A. Hunter's ch. c. by The Ace of Diamonds, out of The Captain's dam. *Craig* 1 1
Col. Frs. Thompson's (Col. Frs. C. Green's) b. c. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Rattler. 2 2
Time, 3:53—4:01.

Mr. McDaniel's colt was withdrawn on account of a mistake at the time of entry, he thinking it was *never won*, instead of *never started* for a race.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West by Marion, 3 y. *Craig* 7 1 1
David McDaniel's ch. f. *Ellen Thomas*, (full sister to Vashti,) by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs 1 2 3
Col. F. Thompson's ch. m. *Rowena*, by Timoleon, out of Laura by Rob Roy, 5 yrs 6 3 2
J. Adams' b. c. *Saracen*, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, 4 yrs .... 2 dr
C. Goddard's b. c. *Hoosier*, by Critic, dam by Young Oscar, 4 yrs .... 4 dr
R. J. Worthington's b. c. *Astor*, by Ivanhoe, out of Tripit, 3 yrs .... 3 dist.
J. M. Wilson's b. c. by Ivanhoe, out of Kitty Fisher, 3 yrs .... 5 dist.
Jacob Powder's b. f. by Forester, out of Forest Maid, 3 yrs .... dist.
Time, 3:53—3:48—3.51.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse $1000, $300 of which goes to the second best horse; conditions as before, Four mile heats.
E. J. Wilson's b. c. *Buck Eye*, by Critic, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs .... *Wash. Sumner* 1 1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs 2 2
Geo. L. Stockett's b. m. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, out of Glorvina's dam, 6 yrs 3 3
Time, 8:10—7:56.

The following are the entries for the Three mile purse, yesterday:—

S. A. Sparks' b. h. *Bustamente*, by Sussex, out of Lady Cliffden's grandam, 6 yrs.
Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. *Lilly*, by Tychicus out of Laura by Rob Roy, 4 yrs.
R. W. Raisin's b. c. *Sam Croaker*, by Uncle Sam, out of Ally Croaker, 4 yrs.
J. B. Kendall's b. c. *Sufferer*, by Eclipse, out of Meg Dods by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.
G. L. Stockett's b. c. *Gustavus*, by Sussex, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.

BURKSVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES.

The Jockey Club Fall races over the *Burksville Course* commenced on Thursday, the 19th Sept.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Sub. $20 each. Mile heats.
E. J. Bowman's b. f. by King's Bertrand, dam by Hambletonian 1 1
Jno. M. Emerson's b. c. *Ben Hardin*, by King's Bertrand, dam by Patriot .... 2 dist.
Time, 2:00—2:01.

SATURDAY, Sept. 21—Jockey Club Purse $——, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
Alfred King's b. c. *Legbail*, by Jackson, dam by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs 3 1 1
Azel Simpson's bl. c. *John Ross*, by Waxy, dam by Topgallant, 4 yrs .... 1 2 dist.
James Saufley's b. c. *Boyle*, by Frank, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 4 yrs .... 2 dist.
John M. Emerson's b. c. *Wetumpka*, by Trumpator, dam by Printer, 3 yrs .... 4 dr
Time, 3:56—3:57—4:01.

This was a beautifully contested race. John Ross was the favorite; bets were freely offered upon him at 2 to 1 against the field, and after the 1st heat, 4 and 5 to 1.

Wm. Cheek, *Secretary*.

Le Roy P. Sale, Esq., has sold to Dr. Ed. B. Hoskins, of Allenville, Ky., his s. f. *Lucy White*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Greytail Florizel, at a respectable figure.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) RACES, Oakland Course.

[The senior editor sends the following brief report of the Louisville races; upon his return he will give in detail his impressions of the racing stock of Kentucky, and a complete report of the splendid sport on the Oakland Course. The calls upon his attention, and the unremitted kindness and hospitality with which his visit to Kentucky and Tennessee has been characterized, have rendered it out of his power to furnish at an earlier date his "gleanings by the wayside."]

SATURDAY, Sept. 28, 1839—Extra Proprietor's Purse of $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. m. *Missouri*, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 5 yrs	Archer	4	1	1
Wm. T. Ward's b. c. *Charley Fox*, by Waxy, dam by Bucknor's Leviathan, 4 yrs.		0	2	2
M. McCumpsey's br. f. *Sally Ward*, own sister to Mary Vaughan, 4 yrs		3	4	3
Chas. Buford's ch. f. *Leopardess*, by Medoc, out of Rodolph's dam, 3 yrs		0	3	4
Jos. G. Boswell's ch. f. *Henrietta Lockhart*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs		dist.		

Time, 3:55—3:54—3:59. Won easily.

MONDAY, Sept 30—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Ten subscribers at $2000 each, h. ft., to which the Proprietor added the receipts of the Stands. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 5 yrs	Cato	1	1
Oliver & Dickey's (A. L. Shotwell's) gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs		2	2
Willa Viley's ch f *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs		3	3
Bradley & Steel's ch. c. *Hawk-Eye*, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam by Jenkins' Sir William, 4 yrs		dist.	

Time, 7:48—7:44.

In anticipation of the Editor's report we give the following sketch, which appeared in the columns of the Louisville "Journal" the morning after the race:,

The champion of Louisiana is the victor, and nobly has he won his laurels.—But the Grey Eagle of Kentucky has this day won a place in the annals of the Turf that might be envied by the best race horse the world ever saw. His performance to-day not only throws in the shade any ever before made in this state, but is superior to any race ever before run south of the Potomac.

Such an assemblage of the talent, beauty and chivalry of the state was never seen, as was presented to-day on the Oakland Course. Kentucky's most distinguished sons and her loveliest daughters were gathered here in one lustrous galaxy. Not less than two thousand equestrians were upon the ground, while the multitudes in the stand and within the enclosed space could not be less than ten thousand. The track was in fine order and the day delightful.

Owing to the thousand ills which even horse flesh is heir to, but four nominations came to the post—*Wagner* of Louisiana, and *Grey Eagle*, *Queen Mary*, and *Hawkeye* of Kentucky. Every one seemed inclined to back his favorite, and considerable sums were laid out. Wagner against the field was current on all sides, while Grey Eagle was backed freely against any other Kentucky horse.

The stirring notes of the bugle brought the horses on the track, a few minutes before 1 o'clock. To Grey Eagle was awarded the track, while Queen Mary was placed 2d, and Wagner on the outside. At the tap of the drum Wagner bounded off with the lead like a mountain deer, Queen Mary second; on the second turn Hawk-Eye and the beautiful Queen changed places, and soon after Hawk-Eye took the track. Grey Eagle got up 3d, next to Wagner, but Hawk-Eye led to the stand. On the back part the field nearly closed, Wagner lapping Hawk-Eye; he soon after out-footed him and came first to the stand, Hawk-Eye being 2d, and Queen Mary 3d. Little variation of position occurred in the 3d mile until the horses came opposite the Oakland House, where they closed, and a desperate struggle ensued. The race to near the termination of the mile was tremendous, Wagner coming first to the stand, with Queen Mary 2d, and Grey Eagle 3d. Soon after commencing the fourth mile, the saddle of Queen Mary slipped on her withers, and her chance was out. Hawk-Eye, too, having cut out the work so far, seemed disposed to let the others fight it out by themselves. Half way down the back part, Grey Eagle caught up the running, as the others declined, and made a most gallant effort. Opposite the house he got a little in front and looked like a winner, and the shout sent up by the excited multitude made the welkin ring for miles around. When near the last turn, Wagner's rider called on the noble animal, and after a most beautiful contest home to the judges' stand, he won by two lengths in 7:48, the best time ever made in Kentucky. Queen Mary, who was 3d, pulled up inside of the distance-stand and walked in, while Hawk-Eye was technically "no where."

The result of the heat appeared so indicative of the result of the race, that any odds were offered on Wagner, but no takers; the Kentuckians would not bet against their own horses; many of them, however, to get out of a tight place, jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, by backing Queen Mary against Grey Eagle. All three horses cooled off finely, and Grey Eagle's proud bearing and game appearance when he came up to the contest in a second heat for the meed of honor and applause, was the admiration of all.

The start for the second heat was capital; Wagner led off the dance with a fine racing stride, Grey Eagle being 2d and well up; he soon after challenged for the lead, and after a fierce brush came in front. Seemingly inspired by the cheers of his friends, Grey Eagle kept up his killing stroke in the most splendid style, coming first to the stand, with Wagner 2d. Throughout the entire second mile, the "gallant grey" kept up his rate, carrying on the running at a pace to "fright the souls of fearful adversaries" The pace seemed too good to last, and no one dreamed it could be increased, but so it was, on the third mile. Near the Oakland House, Wagner set to work to do or to die, and at the fourth turn he collared Kentucky's champion. Down to the stand the struggle was desperate; claret was tapped on both sides, and whips were at work. Grey Eagle came to the stand half a length ahead, and soon after drew out clear in front. For a time the cheers were deafening. Half way round the last mile, Wagner once more "tried it on," but it was "no go" Like twin bullets they sped round the last turn into straight work, and it was impossible to say which was ahead. The feelings of the thousands of individuals composing the assemblage were wrought up to the highest pitch; each jockey was plying "steel and timber"—each horse was out and doing his best—now Wagner, now Grey Eagle has the advantage—a deafening shout, a thrill of emotion, and the race is over! Wagner wins by a neck, in 7:44, the best race ever run south of the Potomac!

TUESDAY, Oct. 1—Poststake for 3 yr. olds, Club weights. Eighteen subs. at $100 each, h. ft., to which the Proprietor added a Service of Plate (value $500)—the 2d horse to receive back his stake. Two mile heats.

Wm. Buford, Jr.'s (Geo. E. Blackburn's) ch. f. *Cub* (late Chlorine), by Medoc, dam by Sumpter	Madison Powell	1	1
Lewis K. Grigsby's (J. Shy's) ch. c. *James F. Robinson*, by Medoc, dam by Potomac		6	2
J. W. Fenwick's b c. *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee		4	3
R. Pindell's (A. Spear's) ch. c. *Moorehead*, by Medoc, out of Multiflora by Kosciusko		5	4
Jas. K. Duke's ch c. *Vertner*, by Medoc, out of Lady Adams by Whipster		2	5
S. Burbridge's (S Davenport's) b. f. *Laura*, by Medoc, dam by Doublehead		3	6
M. R Tarleton's b. c by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin		dist.	

Time, 3:45½—3:44. Won handily.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs. fillies 67lbs. Ten subs. at $25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Frederick Herr's b. c. *Darius*, by Orphan Boy, dam by Cumberland	John	1
B. Russel's b. c. by Industry, dam unknown		dist.
T. McGruder's b. c. by Dungannon, dam by Stockholder		dist.
T. Duvall's b. c. by Pirate, dam by Consul		dist.
B. Maloney's gr. c. by Fowler, dam unknown		dist.

Time, 1:54.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Match, $500 a side, Mile heats.

Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. *Gulnare*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir William of Transport, 2 yrs	Miller	1
Capt. Thos. G. Moore's b. c. *Morgan O'Connell*, by Daniel O'Connell, dam by Stockholder, 2 yrs		dist.

Time, 1:52.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2 Purse $1000, conditions as on Tuesday, Three mile heats.

R. B. Tarleton's b. c. *Ralph*, by Woodpecker, out of Brown Mary by Sumpter, 4 yrs	Jack	1	1
S. Burbridge's (S. Smith's) b. h. *Rodolph*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, aged		0	2
Jas. Shy's ch. c. *Darnley*, by John Richards, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs		6	3
Jas. K. Duke's b. f. *Sophia Lovell*, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, 3 yrs		2	4
T. P. Hart's b. f *Great Western*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs		0	5
Jas. L. Bradley's ch. c. *Hawk-Eye*, own brother to Sophia Lovell, 4 yrs		5	6
M. McCumpsey's gr. f. *Anna Medoc*, by Medoc, out of Ironette's dam, 4 yrs		dist.	

Time, 5:50—5:50.

Ralph was the favorite against the field; Rodolph having lately recovered from the "big head," was not much fancied; Darnley was heavily backed by a strong party, and considerable sums were laid out between him and Rodolph. The others composing the field were Sophia Lovell, Great Western, Hawk-Eye, and Anna Medoc.

Owing to the heavy bye-betting (to be determined by the placing of the horses in the last heat) the time of the 1st heat was not so good as it would otherwise have been. Had Ralph been put up, he could have made it "low down in the forties," but he was allowed to win by two or three lengths in 5:50. Rodolph and Sophia Lovell made the running with the winner the 1st heat.

In the 2d heat Darnley led off, and the heat was exceedingly well contested, first by Sophia Lovell, and subsequently by Darnley, Ralph, and Rodolph. A splendid burst of speed occurred in the last mile: Rodolph went up and challenged Sophia and Darnley, and outfooted them both, while Ralph cut down the party in a sharp and desperate brush on the last quarter, winning clearly by two lengths, Rodolph being 2d, and Darnley 3d.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Proprietor's Purse $250, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wm. Buford's ch. f. *Red Morocco*, by Medoc, 3 yrs	1	1	1
Jas. Shy's ch. c. *Ashland*, by Medoc, 3 yrs	3	3	2
W. W. Bacon's b. c. *Stranger*, by Lance, 4 yrs	5	5	3
T. P. Hart's ch. c. *Bob Bush*, by Medoc, 3 yrs	2	2	4
W. Shively's b. f. by Woodpecker, 4 yrs	4	4	dist.
Y. N. Oliver's ch. c. *Turner*, by Sussex, 4 yrs	6	6	dr

Time, 1:50—1:51—1:51.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, weights as on Tuesday. Four subs. at $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

A. Hikes' gr. f. by Orphan Boy, out of Betsey Williams by Richard	3	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's br. f. by Rodolph, dam by Kosciusko	2	2	2
Fred. Herr's b. c. *Japhet*, by Meteor, dam by Hamilton	1	3	3

Time, 1:54—1:58—2:00.

Centreville (L. I.) Trotting Course.

Immediately after the race on Tuesday, a trot came off on this Course, of which the following is a record:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Purse $100, free for all, weights 145lbs. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle.

H. Woodruff's gr. g. *Damon*	1
I. Woodruff's gr. g. *Jefferson*	dist.

Time, 3:00.

SAME DAY—Purse $100, conditions as before, Two mile heats in harness.

S. Pitcher's br. g. *Cato*	1	2	1
H. Jones' ch. m. *Lady Swan*	2	1	2
H. Woodruff's gr. m. *Helen McGregor*	3	3	3

Time, 5:36—5:33—5:36.

This trot was well contested throughout.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9, 1839—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses, weights 145lbs. Two mile heats, under the saddle.

P. Wheelan's ch. g. *Don Juan*	1	1
H. Woodruff's gr. m. *Celeste*	2	2
H. Jones' ch. g. *Henry*	3	3

Time, 5:17—5:14.

Betting, 5 to 3 on Henry before the start. A good trot; in the second heat Don Juan beat Celeste but half a length.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Purse $100, free for all horses that had not won over $200, weights as before, Two mile heats in harness.

H. Jones' ch. g. *Henry*	1	1
H. Woodruff's gr. m. *Celeste*	3	2
P. White's ch. g. *Don Juan*	4	3
I. Woodruff's br. g. *Cato*	5	dr
D. Bryan's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk*	2	dist.

Time, 5:20—5:28.

In the first heat Harry Jones and Wheelan, who drove Don Juan, just as they started ran foul of each other, and such a rattling of wheel-spokes as followed, never was before heard. The extent of the damage was simply a spilling of five spokes from Harry's wheel, from which, however, no other harm resulted than a little fright to the driver, who knew not how soon his sulky might come down with him. Lady Suffolk led till the straight run in, when Henry caught her, passed, and won the heat.

A singular accident occurred in the first half mile of the next heat, which may have affected materially the result of this trot. Harry Jones had the track and was leading with *Henry*; *Lady Suffolk* lapping his wheel; *Celeste* directly behind Henry and lapping Lady Suffolk's wheel; in this position Lady Suffolk broke up, and as she did so, she swerved and turned in towards the pole and upon Celeste. Hiram who was thus fenced in, caught Bryan's sulky, knocked him out, and his own wheel went over his back. The two sulkies for a moment were entangled, but were soon righted, and Lady Suffolk went on with the race, (for she soon turned into a racing pace): she took the pole, and went round the track three times and more in the right line, and then wheeled and tried it the other way, dropping parts of her sulky all the while. Of course a flying mare with a sulky at her heels, was not a very comfortable thing to pass or brush with, and little effort was made with that intention. Other than this, the heat offered nothing of particular moment.

RUTHERFORD Co. (Tenn.) AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

We have received from one of our special correspondents a report of the proceedings of the "Agricultural Society of Rutherford County," at a Fair held in the public square of Murfreesboro', on Thursday, the 13th ult. The show was numerously attended, and the exhibition of cattle superb. The following are the awards of the judges:—

STALLION. (No competion.)

Premium to Jos. Morton's gr. h. Daniel O'Connell, by Sir Henry, dam by Sir Harry.

BROOD MARES.

Premium to D. W. Dickinson's b. m. Miss Tonson, dam by Shylock.

Certificate to T. C. Black's ch. m. Olympias, by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet.

YEARLING COLTS.

Premium to Robt. Smith's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Tonson, by Mons. Tonson.

Certificate to Jos. Morton's b. c. Borack, by Rattler, dam by Murfree's Pacolet.

YEARLING FILLIES.

Premium to Saml. Patterson's b. f. by Imp. Merman, dam unknown.

Certificate to Geo. Beeton's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.

SUCKING COLTS.

Premium to D. W. Dickinson's b. f. by Post Boy, out of Miss Tonson, by Mons. Tonson.

Certificate to John M'Iver's b. f. by Post Boy, dam by Sir Richard.

BULLS.

Premium to Dr. Thompson's Uncas, by Imp. Accommodation, out of Multiflora, by Duroc.

Certificate to Col. Burton's Shelby, by Polander, dam unknown.

BULLS (from 1 to 3 yrs. old.)

Premium to H. P. Rostick & Co.'s Imp. John Bull, out of Eliza, by Priam—Mustock, by Whiskey.

Certificate to M. B. Murfree's Great Western, by Avalanche, dam by Triumph.

COWS.

Premium to B. Nelson's Theodosia, by Triumph.

Certificate to B. Ferguson's Kate, by Triumph.

HEIFERS (1 yr. old.)

Premium to B. Ferguson's Red Heifer.

SUCKING CALVES.

Premium to Dr. Thompson's Rienzi, by Uncas, out of Maria, by Imp. Sam Martin.

Certificate to Wm. F. Lyttle's Miss Ann, by Imp. Murdock, out of Imp. Maria Monk.

SHEEP.

Premium to Ewing D. Thompson's Goliah, of the Bakewell stock.

HOGS.

Premium to John Lyttle's boar Supple Sawney, 2½ yrs. old, weighing 410 lbs.

Premium to John Lyttle's sow Sash, 2½ yrs. old, sister to Supple Sawney.

Premium to Giles Jones' boar pig, 6 months old, weight 210 lbs.

Certificate to John Lyttle's sow pig Betsey, 8½ months old, weight 235 lbs.

D. D. WENDELL, Sec'y.

WOODCOCK AND "VARMINT" IN LOUISIANA.

PARISH OF IBERVILLE (La.), Sept. 14, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Have you ever had a description of a Woodcock Hunt in the State of Louisiana? If *you* have, I know that a great many of your subscribers have not; and if you think this worth an introduction to your estimable paper, you are welcome to it.

Woodcock seem to change their habits the moment they arrive in this country; it is very seldom that one of them can be seen in the daylight; they shelter in the thickest cane brakes, perfectly still all day. At night, about dusk, they take to the open fields, for the purpose of feeding. We start out at about 8 o'clock in the evening, with torches, made of dead canes, or with a pan and cypress wood, cut about a foot in length. They are so completely dazzled by the light, that they can be approached at the distance of five yards. I have often killed fifty and sixty from eight to twelve o'clock. We have them only in the winter. I am confident, that after staying a month or so here, they are much superior in flavor to what they are in any other country.

We have here plenty of deer, bear, and an occasional sprinkling of panthers. Two weeks ago I set out with my dogs, and within a mile of my house started a doe with her fawn; my dogs took after the fawn; I got a glimpse of him through the woods, gave him a shot and bled him; he ran about two miles further, and the dogs lost him in a thicket. Presently I heard old Drummer break, as if he had seen old Nick himself, and a large panther issued from the thicket, at about fifty yards from me. I let fly at him right and left, wounding him severely; the dogs started in a hot chase, and in about ten minutes *treed* him. I soon came up with them, and after surveying the tree tops a while, I spied the panther on a large projecting limb, looking at me and lashing his flanks furiously with his tail. I had the good fortune to bring him down with a double shot, the dogs covering and making an end of the monster. He measured nine feet six inches from tip to tip. I have ascertained since that he had caught the fawn before my dogs.

This is a glorious country for game of all kind; I only wish I had PETE WHETSTONE here, and some more chaps from the Devil's Fork, I'd show them sights. I was about closing this, when interrupted by a boy of one of my neighbors, who brings me a present of a fine chunk of bear meat, killed yesterday.

Your well wisher, EASY.

WILD PONEY RACING IN LOUISIANA.

AVOYELLES (La.), Sept. 5, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—Perceiving that you give place in the columns of the "Spirit" to a variety of productions on various subjects, perhaps you and some of your readers may have no objection to hear how we carry on matters and things in Avoyelles.

Near the centre of the Parish is a prairie about twelve miles long, and from two to three broad, which is settled almost exclusively with creole French, who, for aught I know, may be descendants of La Salle's Party, who, perchance, were left in this prairie. They have a race of Poneys a size above those of the Shetland Islands, which we see sometimes exhibited in menageries. These poneys are extremely lasting, and some of them active; a drove of these horses (if so they may be called) is owned by almost every householder (and there are upwards of one hundred in this prairie), as they cost the proprietor nothing save the trouble of branding, except when he breaks one of them to the saddle (they are considered unfit for the plough, oxen being used in preference for that purpose). When one is required, a half dozen creoles are seen mounted for the chase, generally on Sunday morning, each one being provided with a long rope, made either of horse hair or raw hide. The drove are then pursued with great speed and perseverance, sometimes for hours together, and if they cannot be easily penned, the one which is wanted is singled out, and then commences anew the animating pursuit, each one striving which can throw the lasso, or noose, over the head of the affrighted and flying horse, who turns and doubles, but all to no purpose; he is invariably caught by some of the party, when the successful "roper" is looked on as having achieved quite an exploit. The horse is then, by means of pulling and driving, forced to the proper place, when he is blindfolded, and the saddling commences. He is held by some three or four, and if unusually refractory (and they are generally very vicious), he is thrown down, when a Spanish saddle is put on, well girthed and cruppered, a small blanket is rolled up with a stick about eighteen inches long in the centre, and tied firmly to the "fore tree" of the saddle; a halter is then put on his nose, with a long rope attached to it, the blind is raised from his eyes, and one or two holding the end of the rope, the others proceed to drive him round. He is sometimes sullen, but more frequently pitches and vaults round the length of the rope at a most fearful rate some twenty or thirty minutes, and when he will caper no longer with the saddle, one of the party, generally hired for that purpose, blindfolds him again, and with each heel armed with a spur, with rowels about three quarters of an inch in length, and in his hand a "quirst," or short whip, mounts him. Then is all breathless anxiety and eager interest: the blindfold is raised—the horse stands a moment or two, under the continued application of whip and spur, and then leaps off, jump after jump, for an hour or two, when he becomes exhausted, and gives up.

A few days riding then makes himself sufficiently gentle to try his speed, and if anything of the kind is in him, it is sure to be got out. It is thus that these horses are used from generation to generation; the best looking of them are broken in this manner, while those that are the most worthless in appearance are left to run at large as stallions, and you may depend on it, when the spring of the year rolls round, they have high times; with hundreds of mares, and nearly as many stallions, the eye can be greeted at almost every glance if it desires.

But to the racing; this forms one of the principal amusements on Sunday evenings. "Anque arpents," "pour un topet" (half-pint bottle of whiskey), "dix arpents pour un bottaille de vin," "trois arpents pour quartre escalins," and in some few instances for larger sums. Thus race after race is made, and run in quick succession, ene every twenty or thirty minutes, for two or three hours, with riders weighing from 140 to 180 lbs., and thus our Sunday evenings are as pleasantly passed off as if *Monarch* and *The Queen* were to meet here and run a four mile race. Respectfully yours, CREOLE.

GALLATIN (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

We have received from one of our special correspondents now in the West, the following report of these races:—

Officers of the Club:—President, Jesse Cage, Esq.; Secretary, Thos. Barry, Esq.; Treasurer, Francis Wilson, Esq.; Judges, Capt. Nichl. Davis, Samuel Ragland, Esq., and Dr. Blackmore; Timer, Thos. Barry, Esq.

MONDAY, Sept. 23, 1839—The Wylie Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Twenty subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Jesse Cage's ch. f. *Maria Williams*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon	1	1
Head & Smith's (M. P. Gentry's) ch. f. *Day-dream*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Figure by Sir Archy	2	2
Thompson & French's b c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Mary Burton by Andrew Jackson	3	3
A. J. Donnelson's ch. c. by Mambrino, out of Emily by Thornton's Rattler	4	dist.

Time, 3:53—4.01.

SAME DAY—*Second Race* Match, for $200 aside, h. ft.; 2 yr. old colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Mile heats.

C. Cantrel's ch. c. by Cantrel's Leviathan, dam by Bertrand, 2 yrs	1	1
O. Smith's b. f. by John Dawson, dam unknown, 2 yrs	2	2

Time, 2:01—2:04.

TUESDAY, Sept. 24—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Five subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

John G. Turner's gr. f. *Betsey Miller*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar	2	1	1
G. W. Parker's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles	1	2	dist.
Ala. Eurie's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Mary Farmer by Conqueror	3	3	dist.

Time, 1:54—2:00—2:04½.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $200 a side, h. ft., weights as before, Mile heats.

Ben. Rutherford's b. c by John Dawson, dam by Pacolet, 2 yrs	1	1
Wm. H. Wilkinson's ch. f. by Cage's Leviathan, dam unknown, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 2:04½—1:59.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $30, added; free for all ages, 2 and 3 yr. olds as before—4, 100lbs.—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Jesse Cage's ch. c. *Ragland*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder	1	1
Chas. Lewis' ch. f. *Emily Speed*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet	2	dr

Time, 6:00. Ages not given.

Emily had the track at the start; they went off at a slow pace, which was gradually increased, Ragland taking the lead—it was beautifully contested; in the last mile the struggle was desperate, but the superior order of Ragland soon told, he winning the heat by two lengths. Emily being drawn after the 1st heat, Ragland walked over.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $20, added; conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Jesse Cage's gr. c. *Mud*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	2	2	1	1
Head & Smith's (M. P. Gentry's) ch. f. *Day-dream*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	3	2	2
C. Lewis' b. c. *Devil*, by Imp Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	4	1	dr	
D. Burford's ch. f. *Matilda*, by Cock of the Rock, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs	3	dist.		
James Murrell's b. m. by Bertrand, dam by Aratus, 5 yrs	dist.			

Time, 3:52—3:53—4:05—4:01.

LYNCHBURG (Va.) FALL RACES

Commenced over the *Lynchburg Course* on Tuesday, 17th September, and continued four days.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17, 1839—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. $50 each. Mile heats.

Capt. James Williamson's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian	1	1
Col. John P. White's ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Florizel	2	2
M. Talbot's ch. c. by Tychicus, dam by old Madison	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:58.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $250 a side, Two mile heats.

S. Woodruff's ro. g. by Young Eclipse, out of Betsey West, 3 yrs	1	1
H. W. Quarles's ch. c by Randolph's Janus, dam by Saltram	2	bolt.

Time, 4:04.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Capt. James Williamson's b. c. *Bloomsbury*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Giles Scroggins, 4 yrs	1	1	1
Col. John P. White's (Thos. Hundley's) b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 4 y.	2	2	2

Time, 1:50—1:56—1:58.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Proprietor's Purse $200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Col. John P. White's gr. c. *Bendigo*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs 3 1 1
Col. John L. White's ch. c by Jackson, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs .... 1 2 dr
Capt. Robt. Townes' b. h. *Danville*, by Murat, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs .... 4 dist.
Wm. McCargo's br. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Georgiana by Napoleon, 4 yrs. 2 dr
Time, 4:02—3:55.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—A Colt Stake for 3 yr. olds; weights as before. Sub. $100 each, h. ft. One mile.

James M. Langhorne's bl. c. by Young Eclipse, dam by Madison 1
Capt. Robt. L. Coleman's ch. c. by Tychicus, dam by Shakspeare 2
M. Talbot's ch. c. by Tychicus, dam by Pacolet 3
Time not given.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Jockey Club Purse $400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. John P. White's b. h. *Jerome*, by Imp Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs .. 1 1
Capt. James Williamson's ch. h. *Tom Cringle*, by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs 2 2
William Mc. Cargo's ch. m. by Red Rover, out of Betsey West, 5 yrs .... 3 dr
Time, 6:05—6:13.

FAYETTE (Mo.) RACES.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7, 1839—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, carrying 75lbs.—other conditions not reported; with a Silver Cup added to the stakes. Mile heats.

A. W. Morrison's *Blue Skin*, by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh 1 1
Mr. Garrison's *Black Hawk*, by Black Hawk, dam by Black Whip .... * *
Col. Thos. W. Patton's *Traveller*, by Rob Roy, dam by Marmion .... * *
W. H. Edgar's *Wild Bill*, by Wilder, dam by Sir Archy .... * *
Time, 1:59—2:02. * Not placed in the report.

We find the substance of the above in the "Boon's Lick Democrat;" in time we hope to receive a fuller report. The regular Fayette J. C. Fall Races were not to commence until the 25th of Sept. The "Democrat" enumerates a good number of horses which were in training for them, and as the purses were large, a great concourse of turfmen was anticipated. Nothing is more gratifying than to see a taste for the sport extending itself in the far West; any communications from our subscribers in Missouri in relation to their turf, will be thankfully received.

KINGSTON (U. C.) RACES,

Over the *Kingston Course*, commenced on Monday, 23d Sept., and continued two days. We are indebted to a Kingston paper of the 28th Sept. for the following report :—

On Monday last, at an early hour, an unusual bustle was apparent in every quarter of the Town. Towards noon, vehicles of every description, from the four-in-hand to a go-cart, with horsemen on all sorts of nags, and todlers in endless variety of costume and gait were all anxiously pressing towards the race-ground. We observed on the Course Col. the Hon. H. Dundas, C. B., Commodore Sandom, R.N., Col. Cubitt, His Worship the Mayor, the Attorney General, Captains Shirley, Arthur, Markham, and Sands, &c. &c., and a great many other strangers, civil and military. Before one o'clock the Grand Stand was crowded with beauty and fashion, and every spot that it was possible to obtain a sight of the course from was occupied. Amongst a long row of private carriages we distinguished those of the Hon. John Kirby, Col. Cubitt, Baron Grant, the Attorney General, Col. Trydell, and Major Saddlier, &c.

The races commenced with

The *Town Plate* of £50, ent. £2 10, free for all horses, 3 year olds to carry 6st 6lb, four 7st 6lb, five 8st 10lb, six and aged 9st; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the second horse to save his stake; heats, twice round and a distance.

Capt. Shirley's gr. m. *The Queen*, by Imp Autocrat, 5 yrs 1 1
Mr. Crawford's ch. h. Tom Kimble, aged 3 2
Mr. Gates' b. g. Limber Jim, by Henry, aged 2 3
Mr. Finkle's b g. Addington, aged 4 4
Mr. Yarker's ch. c. Sovereign, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs .... dist.

Limber Jim led off at a slashing pace, which he maintained for a mile and three quarters, when her Majesty ran up, and after a short contest won the heat by a length. In the 2d heat Tom Kimble took the lead from the score, which he maintained for a mile and a half, when The Queen, having been called on, made a splendid brush, winning by a couple of lengths, and rather easy.

The *Ladies' Purse* of £20, ent. £1 5, for horses bred in the Provinces of Upper or Lower Canada, that never won Plate, Match or Sweepstake of the value of £50, before the day of entry; three year olds to carry 9st 4lb, four 10st 4lb, five 11st 4lb, six and aged 12st; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the second horse to save his stake; Gentlemen Riders. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Baird's b. h. *Shillelah*, aged .... Mr. Monro 2 1 1
Mr. Richard's gr. h. Hambletonian, by Eclipse, aged 3 2 2
Mr. Howard's b. h. Revenge, aged .... Mr. Maitland .. 1 3 3
Mr. Vankleek's b. g. Lenox, aged .... Owner .... 4 dist.
Mr. Yarker's ch. f. by Sir Walter, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs .... Mr. Prior .... dist.
Mr. Horne's b. g. Sleepy Sam, 4 yrs .... Mr. Wynniatt. dist.

Shillelah made play from the start, and appeared to be winning the heat easily, when, at the distance post, the rider of Revenge, in the most masterly manner, commenced drawing on Shillelah, and finally won a punishing heat by the mere strength of arm, by half a length. Hambletonian a good 3d. The filly sulked at starting. Sleepy Sam's chance was thrown away by an unfortunate accident,—one of the dragoon's horses swerved against him when inside the distance—threw him down, and, we regret to say, broke his rider's thigh, (Mr. Wynniatt of the 83d Regt.) 2d, Shillelah, as usual, made play from the start, and notwithstanding every thing possible was done for Revenge by his superior Jock, Shillelah succeeded in winning the heat. 3d heat, Shillelah and Hambletonian started at score, continuing the pace without an inch advantage to either till almost the last stride, when Shillelah's Jock succeeded in shuffling him in by a head.

A handsome *Hunting Saddle* and *Bridle*, for horses bred in the Midland District, and bona fide the property of persons residing therein, that never won Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes before the day of entry; catch weights; Post entry, 5s. Heats, once round

There were seven entries for this, and the riders did their best. The Saddle was won by Mr. McKelvie's *Black Prince*.

The *Foot Race*.—1st, $5, Kenehan; 2d, $4, Vanbrose; 3d, $3, Henry; 4th, $2, Johnstone; 5th, $2, Asselstine; 6th, $1, Orser.

TUESDAY, Sept. 24.

The *Frontenac County Plate*, of £25, ent £2, free for all horses; three year olds to carry 7st 3lb, four 8st 4lb, five 8st 13lb, six 9st 4lb, and aged, 9st 7lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the second horse to save his stake. Heats, twice round.

Mr. Kempt's b. h. *Sir Lovel*, aged 1 1
Capt. Shirley's gr. m. The Queen, pedigree above, 5 yrs 2 2
Mr. Vankleek's b. g. Lenox, aged .... dist.

The superior running of the Queen on Monday made her a favorite at almost any odds, but two hours rain immediately before starting having made the course unusually heavy, we did hear one or two good judges sport the 50 and 100 on Sir Lovel, still the spirited owner of the Queen backed her freely—at the first quarter post bets were freely offered and taken at evens, when a heat of most unusual excitement, from its closeness every inch, was won by Sir Lovel by a neck, notwithstanding this the Queen had her friends for the 2nd heat, but the strength and mode of getting through the mud of Sir Lovel, triumphed over the racing pace of Her Majesty, who, it must be admitted, requires a firm course; she stands ready to be matched against any thing now in Canada, weight for age for $2,000.

The *United Service Plate* of 40 sovs. (in specie), ent. £2 10, free for all horses, conditions the same as for the Ladies' Purse. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Crawford's ch. h. *Tom Kimble*, pedigree above, aged .... Mr. Maitland 1 1
Mr. Bates' Thomas Ketchum, 4 yrs .... Owner 2 2
Mr. Yarker's ch. c. Sovereign, pedigree above, 3 yrs .... Mr. Prior ... 3 dist.
Mr. Finkle's b. g. Addington, aged .... Owner .... dist.
Capt. Shirley's ch. h. Midas, aged .... Mr. Munro .. dist.

Midas, Tom Kimble, and Ketchum started at a slashing pace, all three running nose and nose; when about half a mile from home, Midas unfortunately slipped, fell, and threw his rider; the two Toms continued the race, but the superior condition of Kimble under the able management of his rider, enabled him to win the heat by half a length, the rest no where. The owner of Midas succeeded in catching him, brought in his weight, but unfortunately was late, the distance flag having dropped; 2nd was rather a hard one between Kimble and Ketchum, and was finally won by a length by Kimble. We are happy to say Mr. Munroe received no injury.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25.

The *Royal Tally Ho Hurdle Sweepstakes* of £2, to which the Stewards added £12 10; conditions the same as for the Ladies' Purse and United Service Plate. Heats, once round and a distance, five leaps of four feet each.

Mr. Baird's b. g. *Shillelah*, aged .... Mr. Maitland 1 1
Lt. Harrison's b. g. Tally Ho, aged .... Hon Mr. Devereaux, R.A. 3 2
Mr. Wynniatt's b. m. Beatrice .... Mr. McKechnie 4 3
Mr. Bernard's b. m. Polly Jones 2 4
Mr. Marks' b. g. Sailor .... Lt. McClure .... fell

The Hurdle race was made of so many tumbles, balks, &c., that we really fear to encounter a description; it was won by Shillelah from the extraordinary exertions and riding of his Jock. Mr. Harrison's Tally Ho, rode by the Hon. Mr. Devereaux, notwithstanding a severe tumble in the first heat, came in a good second, taking his jumps in the style of a splendid English hunter. After the first heat Mr. McKechnie from his fall was unable to mount Beatrice, but she was ably ridden by Mr. Munro, who was to have ridden from the first; being 7 lbs. over weight, declined, when necessity required, he mounted, and took her over every hurdle at its proper height.

We now have the unpleasaut duty to state, that Lieut. McClure of the Royal Navy, recived so severe a fall that it became necessary to remove him from the ground in a carriage. It affords us infinite satisfaction to learn that he is not considered in danger. We trust this is the last hurdle race we will have to record as run in Canada—the season of the year, from the hardness of the ground, precluding the possibility of training the horses, and none but a fox-hunting country can have cattle fit for this sport.

A *Forced Handicap* of 10s. each to which the stewards added £12 10, for all the beaten horses of the former races. Heats, once round a distance.

Mr. Gates' *Limber Jim*, 8st 7lb 1 1
Mr. Howard's T. Ketchum, 6st 7lb 2 2
Mr. Richard's Hambletonian, 8st 7lb 3 3
Capt. Shirley's Midas, aged, 9st .... dist.

The horses went off well together, but it soon became clear that Midas must have received some internal injury from his fall the day before, for even had he a feather on his back it would not have enabled him to keep pace with the other horses; but such was the judgment with which they were handicapped, that it was difficult, till the last stride, to say which would win. Jim succeeded by half a neck from Ketchum, who beat Hambletonian about the same distance.—2d. The three horses came to the post determined to run every inch of the ground, and so close was the contest that we heard a person in the grand stand exclaim, two must have bolted, as there is only one horse running; however, the race was finally won by Jim. After which a match was run by Mr. Vankleek's Lenox, and Mr. Horne's Sleepy Sam; catch weights; two miles, for £50, which was won rather easy by Lenox, from his superior breeding.

We understshd the following matches have been made to come off on the 16th of October, over the Toronto course, Mr. Bernard's Mavourneen, 5 years, weight, 7st. 6lbs., Mr. Yarker's chesnut filly by Sir Walter, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 6lbs., for $200 a side, mile and repeat; and also between Mr. Kempt's Sir Lovel, and Mr. Gates' Limber Jim, $200 a side, weights or distance not mentioned.

From the able management of Mr. Maitland, we certainly anticipate an excellent day's sport for our friends at head quarters, and, if possible, we hope to participate in it.

ENGLISH RACES.

YORK AUGUST RACES.

The meeting commenced on Wednesday last, and, we regret to add, with a very thin attendance; a defalcation attributable as much to the poverty of the list as to the attractions of the moors, and the absence of several sporting men at Liverpool. Since the last races the Grand Stand (which suffered such severe dilapidations in the gale of the 7th of January, when the front buttresses were blown down, and the roof nearly stripped of its ponderous lead covering, has been repaired in a substantial manner. The weather here has been extremely adverse until Tuesday, when it cleared up, and this may be considered as the first hot summer day we have experienced for a month. Notwithstanding the late heavy rain, the course was in good order.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21.

The *Filly Stakes* of 25 sovs each, 10 ft, for 3 yr. old fillies, 8st 2lb each; one mile and a half; 8 subs.

Mr. Bell's b. *La Sage Femme*, by Physician, or Gainsborough, out of Golden Drop's dam .... Hesseltine 1
Mr. King's b. Juvenile, by Jerry, out of Jubilee .... Holmes 2
Mr. Howard's b. Antigua, by Mulatto, out of Alice .... Job Marson, jr. 3
Mr. J. Peck's b. by Clinker—Selina by Fitz-Teazle .... Weatherill 4

The betting on this race in the square, and afterwards on the course, was 5 to 4 on Antigua, but before starting it changed to 5 to 4 on the field. The race was run in quick time. La Sage Femme jumped off with the lead, which she continued for a short time, when Juvenile took up the running past the wood. At the gravel-road there was a struggle for the lead, and La Sage Femme beat off Juvenile and Antigua, the Clinker filly being then out of the race, continued her lead to the end, and won by several lengths.

The *Queen's Purse* of 100gs; three year olds 7st 9lb, four 8st 12lb, five 9st 4lb, six 9st 7lb, aged 9st 9lb; two miles.

Mr. Orde's b. m. *Bee's-wing*, by Doctor Syntax, 6 yrs .... Holmes 1
Mr. Robinson b. h. Melbourne, by Humphrey Clinker, 6 yrs .... Templeman 2
Mr. Bowes' ch. h. Epirus, by Langar, 5 yrs .... W. Scott .. 3
Mr. Milner's br. c. Humphrey, by Sandbeck, 4 yrs .... Marson 4

Betting.—5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on Bee's-wing; 4 to 1 against Epirus, and 5 to 1 against Melbourne. Bee's-wing took the lead at a strong pace, followed by Melbourne, Epirus and Humphrey. They maintained their respective positions throughout, none of them ever having a chance to collar the mare, who won her race in a canter by several lengths.

Just as the horses were about starting a stable boy, mounted on a hack, was riding down the course, from Middlethorpe Corner, with Marson's clothes, when the animal, a cast-off thorough-bred tit, set off at a merry pace, taking the outside, next the hedge; when he got to the rails the beast bolted through a small opening, and by that means got upon the ground allotted to spectators on foot He proceeded on this route past the booths, Grand Stand, and round-house, at the top of his speed; after causing much confusion and alarm, was pulled up without any damage.

The *Hornby Stakes* of 100 sovs each, h. ft, for two year old colts, 8st 5lb, fillies 8st 2lb; T.Y.C.

Lord Westminster's br. c. *Launcelot*, by Camel .... rec'd ft.

Match, for 200 sovs each, h. ft.; three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Heseltine's br. h. Slashing Harry, 5 yrs, 9st }
Mr. Walker's br. f. No. 3 (dead), by Jerry, 3 yrs, 7st } No race.

THURSDAY, Aug. 22.

The *Wilton Stakes* of 30 sovs each, h. ft, for two year old colts 8st 5lb, and fillies 8st 2lb; those got by untried horses, or out of mares whose produce never won, allowed 3lb, if both, 5lb; T.Y.C.; 4 subs.

Mr. Howard's ch. c. *Fitzroy*, by Belshazzar (5lb) .... J. Marson, jr. 1
Mr. Meiklam's bl. c. by the Mole, out of Marianne by Malek (5lb) .... S. Templeman 2
Duke of Cleaveland's b. f. Sister to Eliza, by Physician .... T. Lye 3

Betting.—5 to 4 on Meiklam's colt, and 6 to 4 against the Duke of Cleveland's filly. Fitzroy took the lead to the gravel-road, the others being all so well up that it was difficult at times for those near the winning post to determine which was second; the Mole colt then challenged, and the Eliza colt coming at the same time, all three ran abreast to the stand, the race becoming more interesting every stride; at this point Eliza shut up, and the others made a pretty race home, Marson landing Fitzroy first by near a length. On coming to scale Marson weighed 8 st., having been directed that Fitzroy was entitled to the 5 lbs. allowed for the sire and dam, and Templeman immediately claimed the stake for the Mole, on the ground that Fitzroy was short weight, his weight being only 8 st., whereas it should have been 8 st. 2 lbs., as the colt was entitled to only 3 lbs allowance, Belshazzar's produce, Mr. Watt's Cara, having run and won the Criterion States at Newmarket last year, the entry for this race having been in January last. The matter was referred to the Stewards, who have not yet decided.

A *Sweepstakes* of 10 sovs each, for two and three year olds; two 6st 4lb, and three 8st 6lb; T.Y.C.; 5 subs.

Mr. Allen's b. f. *Antigua*, by Mulatto, 3 yrs .... J. Marson, jr. 1
Mr. Singleton's ch. c. St. Maurice, by Huntington, out of Barefoot's dam, 2 yrs .... G. Francis 2
Mr. J. Peck's b. by Clinker, out of Selina, 3 yrs .... Wetherill ... 3
Mr. Gray's b. f. Light Saddle, by The Saddler, sis. to Chancellor, by Minos, 2 yrs (carried 4lb above his weight) .... S. Gray 4
Mr. Attwood's bl. or gr. f. by Ariosto, dam by his Grey Arabian, 2 yrs ... Joy 5

Betting: 6 to 4 on Antigua, who went away with the lead, Singleton's colt being second; they kept this position to the rails at the gravel road, when Peck's filly came, took the lead in front, but shortly gave way, and Antigua resuming the lead, won easy by about a length and a half.

Produce Stakes of 100 sovs each, h. ft, for three year old colts 8st 5lb, and fillies 8st 2lb; untried stallions or mares, or those bred in Ireland, allowed 3lb; two miles; 6 subs.

Major Yarborough's b. f. *Lollypop*, by Starch or Voltaire, out of Belinda. J. Holmes ... 1
Mr. Bowes's ch. f. Mickleton Maid, by Velocipede, out of Maid of Lune (3lb) .... S. Templeman 2
Mr. Dawson's br. f. Sweet Jessie, by Jerry—Prodigious .... T. Lye 3

Betting.—6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Mickleton Maid. Sweet Jessy took the lead for about 200 or 300 yards, when Mickleton Maid took up the running at a slashing speed, Lollypop lying well up to the distance, when she challenged Mickleton Maid, and after a smart struggle, defeated her, winning at last cleverly. Sweet Jessy was overpaced, and beaten off at least 50 yards.

FRIDAY, Aug. 23.

A *Sweepstakes* of 20 sovs each, for two year old colts 8st 5lb, and fillies 8st 2lb; T.Y.C.; ten subs.

Mr. Parkin's br. c. *Naworth*, by Liverpool, dam (foaled in 1828) by Emilius, out of Surprise .... Edwards 1
Mr. Bowes' b. c. by Memnon Junior, out of Henrietta .... W. Scott 2
Mr. Meiklam's b. f. Remedy, by Physician—Snowball .... S. Templeman 3
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce .... T. Lye 4
Mr Cookson's b. f. own sister to Lanercost, by Liverpool .... Holmes 5

Betting.—2 to 1 against Naworth, 3 to 1 against Mr. Bowes's colt, 5 to 2 against Remedy, 4 to 1 against Duke of Cleveland's colt, and 7 to 1 against Sister to Lanercost. After three false starts, caused by Memnon Junior, the lot got off well together, neither showing a decided lead to the stand, where Remedy, the Duke's colt, Naworth, and Memnon Junior, set-to; Scott had a slight lead a few strides from home, when Edwards brought Naworth out, and terminated a tremendous struggle by a bare half neck, Mr. Bowes's colt beating Remedy by something like a head, and the Duke's colt close up, there not being a length between the four.

A *Sweepstakes* of 30 sovs each, 10 ft, for three year old colts 8st 5lb, and fillies 8st 2lb; one mile and a quarter; 12 subs.

Mr. Bowes' b. c. *Hetman Platoff*, by Brutandorf, out of Don John's dam. W. Scott 1
Col. Cookson's b. c. Doctor Oliver, by Physician, out of Catalini .... R. Hesseltine 2

Betting: 7 and 8 to 1 on Hetman Platoff, who took the lead, was never headed, and won in a canter by ten lengths.

The *Members' Plate* of £50, given by the Members for the City, for horses, &c. of all ages; three year olds 6st 7lb, four 7st 9lb, five 8st 5lb, six and aged 8st 10lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; a winner of £50 in the present year to carry 3lb, twice 5lb, and thrice 6lb extra; heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Robinson's b. h. *Melbourne*, by Humphrey Clinker, 5 yrs .... S. Templeman 1 1
Mr. Tilburn's bl. c. Master Allen, 3 yrs .... G. Francis 3 2
Col. Thomson's b. f. Mazourka, by Margrave, 3 yrs .... J. Grey .... 2 dr

Betting: First heat—4 to 1 on Melbourne, who made play to the gravel road, where Mazourka challenged, but was defeated easily by a length. Second heat, 6 and 7 to 1 on Melbourne, who again cut out the work, and won very easily by several lengths.

Bell's Life in London.

EGHAM RACES.

The following is the result of the races on each day, and it will be seen on the first, that Chapple, the jockey, had the singular good fortune to win every race.

TUESDAY, Aug. 27.

A *Sweepstakes* of 20 sovs each, h. ft, for two year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb; half a mile; 3 subs.

Sir G Heathcote's *Sophocles*, by Laurel, out of Bertha .... Chapple 1
Lord Albemarle's b. f. Clove, by Cain, out of Perfume .... E. Edwards 2
Mr. G. Bulkeley's b. or br. f. by Emilius, out of Christabel .... Butler 3

Betting: 7 to 4 on Clove, 5 to 2 agst Christabel, and 5 to 1 agst Sophocles. Sophocles took the lead at a good pace, followed closely by the others to the distance, where Christabel dropped off; half way up to it Clove was in difficulty, leaving Chapple an easy task to land his horse a winner by a length.

The *Gold Cup* of 120 sovs value, the winner to be paid in specie, by sub. of 10 sovs each, the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake; three year olds 7st, four 8st 7lb, five 9st, six and aged 9st 3lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for 600 sovs, if demanded, &c.; two miles; 12 subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's *Valaincourt*, 3 yrs, 7st .... Chapple 1
Duke of Richmond's Mus, 6 yrs, 9st 3lb .... Rogers. 2
Capt. Gardnor's Toothill, 6 yrs, 9st 3lb .... Pavis .. 3

Betting: 6 to 4 on Mus, and 5 to 2 agst Valaincourt.—Mus made the running at a moderate pace to the distance, where Toothill, after an ineffectual attempt to reach him, gave up. Valaincourt in a similar effort was more successful, was in front in a few strides, and won cleverly by a length.

A *Plate* of 40 sovs, given by the Members of the Western Division of the county of Surrey, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each; three year olds 6st 12lb, four 8st 7lb, five 9st, six and aged 9st 3lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs, if demanded, &c.; two mile heats; 9 subs.

Mr. T. Sadler's *Deceit*, 3 yrs .... Chapple 1 6 1
Mr. Turner's br. m. Isabella, 4 yrs .... S. Mann 2 7 2
Capt. Williamson's The Drama, 3 yrs .... W. Balchin, jun. 5 1 3
Mr. Monk's ch. c. Nominee, 3 yrs .... Hawes 4 5 4
Mr. Webb's Willesden, 6 yrs .... Nat 8 8 5
Mr. Smith's ch. c. Caligula, 4 yrs .... F. Butler 9 9 6
Mr. T. Day's b. f. Science, 3 yrs .... Pavis .... 6 2 dr
Mr. Munro's b. g. The Bravo, 6 yrs .... McDonald .... 3 3 dr
Mr. Messer's b. g. Dr. Wynn, 5 yrs .... Sly .... 7 4 dr

First heat: Betting—3 to 1 against The Drama, 7 to 2 against Deceit, and 4 to 1 against Isabella; 6 to 4 on the field against two. Deceit made good play to the turn, where Isabella went to her, and they ran home together, Deceit winning easy by a length; no others ran for the heat.—Second heat: Betting—6 to 4 against Deceit, 4 to 1 against Science, and 5 to 1 against The Drama.—Dr. Wynn cut out the work for upwards of a mile, and was then joined by The Drama and Science, who left him after a few strides, and made a good race home. The Drama winning by about half a length; nothing near these two.—Third heat: Betting—even on Deceit, and 6 to 4 on her against The Drama. Willesden made running for the first mile, and was then headed by Deceit, who carried it on to the end, followed by Isabella and The Drama; the latter's chance soon expired, but Isabella maintained a respectable position to the end, obtained second place, Deceit winning by a length.

The *Runneymede Stakes* of 5 sovs each, with 30 added; three year olds 7st 6lb, four 8st 4lb, five 8st 11lb, six and aged 9st; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs, if demanded, &c.; heats, three quarters of a mile; 8 subs.

Mr. W. Sadler's *Specimen*, 3 yrs .... Chapple 0 2 1 1
Mr Turner's b. f. Maid of the Mill, 4 yrs .... Mann 1 3 2 2
Mr. Goodman's bl. c. Pluto, by Actæon, out of Christabel, 3 yrs Rogers 2 1 3 3
Mr. A. Gurney's May the First, 3 yrs .... Nat .... 0 0 dr
Mr. Goodwin's Huckster, 5 yrs .... Tweed .... 0 0 dr
Capt. Pettat's Caliph, aged .... Wakefield .. 0 dr
Capt. Gardnor's br. c. by Reveller—Scurry, 4 yrs .... Pavis .... 0 dr

Mr. Balchin's Lady Agnes, 4 yrs., weighed, but did not get to the post in time to start. First heat: Betting 2 to 1 against Caliph, and 3 to 1 against Specimen. May the First had the lead to the first gap, when Caliph went in front, where he remained for a few strides; Maid of the Mill then went out with Pluto, ran head and head with him till within two or three lengths of home, and defeated him cleverly. Second heat: Betting—even on Maid of the Mill. This was a remarkably close and well contested race throughout between all three, and was won by a neck only. Third heat: Betting, even on Pluto. Another splendid race. Specimen winning by a head, and scarcely so much between the second and third. Fourth heat: Betting, 6 to 4 on Specimen. Although not so severe as the last, this was a well contested race between the two fillies, Specimen winning by about three parts of a length.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 28.

A *Sweepstakes* of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 25 added; two year olds 7st, and three 9st 2lb; fillies and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for 150, &c.; half a mile; 4 subs.

Mr. Aplin's b. c. by Laurel, out of Dewdrop, 2 yrs .... Wakefield 1
Mr. Sadler's b f. Fairing, by Defence, out of Folly, 2 yrs .... Chapple .. 2

Even betting, Fairing for choice. The Laurel colt made all the running, and won in a canter by two lengths. Fairing walked lame before starting.

The *Surrey and Middlesex Stakes* of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, and only 5, &c.; the winner of the Goodwood or Brighton Stakes to have carried 7lb, of both 10lb extra; the winner to pay 15 sovs to the judge; two miles and a distance; 20 subs, 11 of whom declared.

Duke of Richmond's *Mus*, 6 yrs 8st 9lb .... Rogers ... 1
Mr. Shelley's Tawney Owl, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb .... Wakefield 2
Mr. Faulconer's Slender, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb .... Butler 3
Capt. Gardnor's Io, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb .... Gamby ... 4
Mr. Dockeray's Guardsman, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb .... Chapple .. 5

Betting: 7 to 4 against Mus, 3 to 1 against Slender, 3 to 1 against Io, 7 to 2 against Guardsman, and 8 to 1 against Tawney Owl. Io went off with the lead at a good pace, Mus lying about a length behind, Guardsman and Slender third and fourth, and Tawney Owl last; the race was run in this order for a mile and three quarters, by which time Io had run her chance out; Mus then took up the running, maintained it to the end, and won by a length. Tawney Owl and Slender made a capital race for second place from the distance, the horse winning it by a neck. Guardsman was beaten off.

Produce Sweepstakes (reduced to a match) of 50 sovs each, h. ft; new mile.

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. *Carolina*, by Velocipede .... walked over

The *Ankerwycke Stakes* of 5 sovs each, with 35 added; three year olds 7st 4lb, four 8st 6lb, five 8st 12lb, six and aged 9st 1lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs, if demanded, &c.; heats, one mile; 14 subs.

Mr. Sadler's *Deceit*, 3 yrs .... Mann 0 1 1
Mr. Isaac Day's Science, 3 yrs .... Pavis 1 8 2
Mr. Brick's ch. m. Latona, aged .... Brick 0 2 3
Capt. Pettat's Caliph, aged .... E. Edwards 0 3 dr
Mr. Lang's ch. f. by The Colonel, out of Zaire, 3 yrs .... Balchin .... 3 4 dr
Mr. Faulconer's Slender, 4 yrs .... Butler .... 2 5 dr
Sir G. Heathcote's Zephyr, 3 yrs .... Chapple ... 0 6 dr
Mr. Shackell's ch. c Pedlar, 4 yrs .... Macdonald. 0 7 dr
Mr. S. Smith's b. c. Secundus, 3 yrs .... Wakefield. 0 9 dr
Capt. Williamson's The Drama, 3 yrs .... Nat .... 0 dr

First heat: Betting, 11 to 10 against Deceit, 4 to 1 against Slender, 4 to 1 against Science, and 4 to 1 against Zephyr. Latona made play for 300 yards, and then resigned to Slender and the Colonel filly, the former leading; at the distance Science headed them, and after a fine race won by a neck; the Colonel filly was a capital third.—Second heat: Betting, 6 to 4 against Deceit, and 2 to 1 against Science. Deceit made all the running, and won by a length and a half.—Third heat: Betting, 3 to 1 on Deceit. A fast and beautiful run race to the distance, where Deceit went in front, and won in a canter by four lengths.

THURSDAY, Aug. 29.

A *Sweepstakes* of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for two year old colts 8st 5lb, and fillies 8st 2lb; winners to carry 3lb extra; three quarters of a mile.

Mr. G. Bulkeley's br. f. by Emilius, out of Christabel .... Butler 1
Lord Albemarle's Clove, 2lb extra .... E. Edwards 2
Mr. Firth's Wilderness .... Wakefield. 3
Mr. Dockeray's gr. f. by Young Wanderer, (by Wanderer, out of Eleanor by Election), out of Grey Agnes by President .... Rogers 4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Wilderness, 3 to 1 on Clove, and 4 to 1 on the Christabel filly. Clove went off in front, followed by Christabel and Wilderness, to the last road, where Christabel challenged, and, after a slashing race, won by a head; Wilderness was beaten off five or six lengths, and Dockeray's filly twice as many.

The *Sunninghill Stakes* of 5 sovs each, with 25 sovs added, for three year olds and upwards (handicap); three quarters of a mile; 7 subs.

Captain Gardnor's *Io*, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb .... Pavis ... 1
Mr. Bond's Voluptuary, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb .... Nat 2
Mr. Goodman's Pluto, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb .... Mann ... 3
Mr. Corbet's Jenny Jones, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb .... Rogers .. 4
Mr. King's Munchausen, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb .... Wakefield 5

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Io, 3 to agst Voluptuary, 3 to 1 agst Jenny Jones—Io jumped off with the lead, kept it, and won cleverly by a length; Pluto was a decent third, but the rest were beaten off.

The *Queen's Plate* of 100gs; three year olds 7st 5lb, four 9st 1lb, five 9st 11lb, six and aged, 10st 2lb; two miles and a distance.

Mr. I. Day's *Caravan*, 5 yrs .... Pavis 1
Sir G. Heathcote's Oroonoko, 3 yrs .... Chapple .. 2
Mr. W. Scott's b. f. Fame, 3 yrs .... Nat 3
Mr. I. Sadler's Deceit, 3 yrs .... Mann 4
Duke of Richmond's Mus, 6 yrs .... Rogers ... 5
Mr. Corbet's br. f. Jenny Jones, 3 yrs .... Wakefield 6

Betting: Even on Caravan, 3 to 1 agst Oroonoko, 4 to 1 agst Deceit, and 5 to 1 agst Mus.—Caravan took took the lead at an excellent pace, followed by Mus and Deceit, to the last turn, where Fame and Oroonoko took their places; this

was the only change, as Caravan was never headed, and won easy by two lengths.

The *Egham Stakes* of 5 sovs each, with 35 added; three year olds 7st, four 8st 4lb, five 8st 10lb, six and aged, 9st 1lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; heats, one mile and a half; winners once in 1839, before or after naming, to carry 3lb, twice 5lb extra (matches and handicaps excepted); horses that have started twice in 1839, and not won, allowed 5lb; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs, if demanded.

Captain Gardnor's *Band-boy*, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb	Pavis	5	1	1
Mr. Lucas's Tell-tale, 6 yrs, 8st 10lb	Rogers	2	2 dr	
Mr Aylmer's Cassandra, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb	Nat	4	3 dr	
Mr. T. Hussey's Red Rose, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb	Evans	3	4 dr	
Mr. Balchin's Launchaway, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb	Mac Donald	1	5 dr	

Betting: Even on Launchaway, 3 to 1 against Band-boy, and 3 to 1 against Tell-tale. Cassandra and Tell-tale cut out the work to the last turn, where the former dropped off. Tell-tale, Launchaway, and Red Rose, ran together half way up the distance, when Red Rose declined, and the other two finished with a good race, Launchaway winning by three parts of a length.—Second heat: Cassandra made play till within half a mile of home, where Band-boy took it up, and won in a canter by two lengths.

Launchaway was lame, and drawn after the second heat; and Cassandra, who was mounted and on her way to the post, received her stake not to run; and Band-boy walked over.

Agricultural.

REMARKS ON BREEDING.

Stockport, 9 mo. 10th, 1839.

Esteemed Friend, J. Buel—"Walker on intermarriage," is the title of a work just republished in this country. Its object is to point out the rules to be observed in the selection of wives, with a view to the production of a beautiful, healthy and intellectual offspring. Although the primary object of the author is to ameliorate the form and intellect of the human species, by means of judicious intermarriages, yet he treats largely on the means of improving inferior animals, by means of breeding, and asserts that all his newly discovered laws, relative to the human species, are equally applicable to domestic animals. It is to the views which he takes of this latter subject, that I wish to call the attention of my agricultural brethren. Although I do not think he has *demonstrated* the laws, yet he has certainly brought forward a very respectable body of proof, for their support, sufficient, at least, to induce those who are interested in obtaining good animals, to give their serious and careful attention to his views.

It is necessary to observe, in order to render the sequel intelligible, that by the "locomotive system," we mean the organs of support, of motion, and of connexion, or bones, ligaments and muscles; and by the "vital system," we mean the organs of absorption, circulation, and secretion. The organs of absorption are sometimes denominated lacteals, or lymphatics; their use is to absorb the nutritious portions of the food from the intestines, and to convey it to the heart, where it is mingled with the blood. The organs of circulation are the blood vessels, which circulate the blood from the heart to the extremities, and from the extremities back to the heart. The organs of secretion are the glands, where the various fluids of the body are secreted. The foundation of Walker's system of breeding is, that "like produces like." This has been stated before, but never satisfactorily shown to be the case, or in other words, while other authors have stated this to be the rule, they have, at the same time, stated such a numerous list of exceptions, that we are left in doubt whether it is any rule after all. These exceptions are shewn by Walker to be only apparent and not real.

The second law is extremely important, if true, (and in order to ascertain whether it is so or not, nothing more is necessary than for one farmer in every county in the state, should observe it for two or three years, and send the result to the Cultivator office). "Organization is propagated by halves," that is, one parent communicates to the offspring the fore part of the head, the long part of the face, the forms of the organs of sense, and the whole of the internal nutritive system. The resemblance of the parent who thus communicates "the vital system," will therefore be found in the forehead and long parts of the face, as the orbits, cheek bones, jaws, chin and teeth, as well as the shape of the organ of sense, and the tone of the voice. The other parent communicates the posterior part of the head, the bones, ligaments and muscles, or the whole of the fleshy parts. The resemblance to the parent who thus communicates the "locomotive system," must be found in the back head, the few more moveable parts of the face, as the external ear, under lip, lower part of the nose, eye-brows, and the external forms of the body, in so far as they depend on the muscles, as well as the form of the limbs, even to the fingers and toes, &c. If this law be correct, viz., that "organization is propagated in halves," or that one parent gives the *whole* of the "locomotive system," it will be perceived that many of our commonly received opinions and practices are erroneous. In crossing, we are commonly directed in the selection of a male to choose one most perfect in the points where the female is most deficient. But from this law, we learn that we shall not, in all cases, accomplish our object. If a part of the "vital system" in the female is deficient, and we seek to improve the progeny by crossing with a male, perfect in these particulars, yet defective in some other portion of vital system, we shall fail, because one parent must necessarily communicate the *whole* locomotive system.

But I shall trespass too much on the columns of the Cultivator, by tracing out the practical inferences. I shall therefore confine myself to the bare statement of the laws themselves. If we inquire how we are to ascertain in what cases the male will give the locomotive system, and in what cases he will give the vital system, we are told by Walker, that where both parents are of the *same variety*, it is impossible to predict which series of organs will be communicated by the male, as between a bull and cow, both of the Short-Horns, or both of the Herefords. But in cases where the partners are of different breeds, as a Berkshire sow and China boar, both parents being of equal age and vigor, the male gives the back head, with the locomotive organs, and the female the face and nutritive or vital organs. In individuals of the same *family*, that is, in breeding in and in, as between mother and son, or brother and sister, precisely the reverse takes place, the male then gives the face and vital organs, and the female the back head with the locomotive organs.

I have thus briefly stated some of the more important laws of breeding, discovered by Walker. Of course, in the narrow limits of a communication, it is impossible either to give the facts from which the laws were deduced, or the important practical consequences resulting from them. These latter, however, will readily suggest themselves to intelligent breeders. What I have written is offered with a view to guide them in observing the laws of procreation and, in the hope that if these laws are found to correspond with their experience, they may be induced to communicate their observations to the columns of the Cultivator.

N. N. D.

Cultivator.

THE DEVONS vs. DURHAMS.

We publish with pleasure the annexed letter from our friend Dr. Davis, as we ever should feel inclined to hear the sentiments of those who differ from us, in order that truth may be elicited, and the good of the public secured thereby. The Doctor, after admitting the necessity of good feeding and good treatment for the Durhams remarks—"The prejudicial exceptions, however, in your No. are common, and the remark equally common that 'we need a stock capable of sustaining itself'—to which I might with propriety reply to such a desideratum, that it is mine to prepare myself not for neglect and inattention to my farm and stock, but to be more attentive to both." Here lies the point—it is from not receiving this attention to them, which the heads of estates do not, like Dr. D., bestow upon their farms and stock, that makes the difference; as it is unfortunately too true that these matters in the district of country heretofore pointed out, are left to servants and others who do not feel the importance of acting with that care and kindness towards the brute creation which is necessary for the interest of their owners. We shall, however, forbear further remarks at the present time, but will merely add the extracts from another journal, which will be found subjoined:—

Monticello, Fairfield District, S. C.

J. S. Skinner, Esq.: Dear Sir.—I congratulate the agricultural world on your accession to the cause, feeling assured that that *taste* and practical ability so essential in instilling and developing agricultural improvement, so prominent in your paper, and with a promise of an abiding confidence, only to be secured and perpetuated by a character, not only tastefully established, but based upon a temperament associating enthusiasm and zeal in whatever pursuit directed. I beg, however, to dissent from your comparative appreciation of the short-horned Durham in a late No. I have on my farm the Devon and the Durham (imported), and I have no hesitancy in preferring the Short Horns for any purpose.

Your correspondents seem emphatically disposed to regard the Devons for their capability to sustain themselves under neglectful treatment; in other words, allowing me to carry out their understanding, they are a stock degenerated to such a degree as to be adapted to poverty and ill usage. On the contrary, the Short-horns are a stock improved, with particular reference in the improvement to milking, and, to use a Yankee phrase, their disposition to take on fat, associated with good and liberal feeding, which with a like correspondence is only to be sustained and perpetuated by good feeding and good treatment.

The prejudicial exceptions, however, observed in your No. are common, and the remark equally common that "we need a stock capable of sustaining itself," to which I might with propriety reply to such a desideratum, that it is mine to prepare myself, not for neglect and inattention to my farm and stock, but to be more attentive to both.

Your No. contains a report of the weight of some Devon oxen. I have lately returned from an agricultural tour in Kentucky, where I saw some Durham steers of the same age, weighing gross 3250 to 3350; and in that State, where perhaps more attention is paid to stock than any other, they will not allow of a comparison of the Short-horns with any other stock, for any purpose.

The most conclusive fact, however, is that of the great difference in their respective appreciations in England—this in connection with that of their having reference to all the grand objects in their improvements—and the fact is only to be rebutted by proving that their value is ideal, and not intrinsic, in which event it will only be so to the very exorbitant extent—and still the comparative contrast would be a consideration in favor of the Short-horns.

In making my observations of the improvements made in Stock, I feel assured that very high prices have had a most happy, good result. Whether it be an *ideal* value or not, it is most conclusive that it has given an impetus to improvement that nothing else would, and so we may promise ourselves a like good consequence from the Multicaulis humbug.

I remain, very truly, your very obed't serv't,

James B. Davis, M. D.

Our correspondent might have spared the slap at the Mulberry "humbug," as he is pleased to term it, as the evidences daily presented of the progress of the silk culture places beyond a doubt, that the utmost success which has been claimed for it by its friends, will finally crown it.

Wm. Garbutt, Esq., of Wheatland, N. Y., in a communication to the "Genesee Farmer," dated 19th July, announces the arrival of a bull and two heifers, imported by Mr. Vernon, from the stock of Mr. Davy, one of the most celebrated breeders of the pure North Devons, in Devonshire, England, and says:—

"The animals are very beautiful and sufficiently large for profit, and a valuable acquisition to Western N. York, for which we are indebted to Mr. Vernon. I consider the Devons better adapted to the wants and habits of the farmers in Western New York than any other of the improved stock, not excepting the improved Short-horned Durhams. The want of size in the Devons is more the fault of the breeders than the breed, for animals soon adapt themselves to the quality and quantity of food they have to live on. They are excellent feeders, and the beef is of the best quality, *being well mixed.* They are fair milkers, and yield a great proportion of butter and cheese to the quantity of milk—they are very active, tough and hardy: excellent travellers, and first best for labor. But permit me here to add, that we farmers must learn to take better care of our animals before we can receive much benefit from improved stock. If we cannot supply them with a sufficiency of *nutritive* food, and shelter them from the inclemency of the weather, it is of very little consequence what the breed may be—they are all unprofitable. * * * * The most efficient means of improving our domestic animal would be the introduction of agricultural exhibitions—by comparing each other's stock, we should become competent judges, see their defects, find the means of correctidg them, and receive a powerful stimulant to improvement."

A correspondent in the same journal from which the above extract is taken, in his second No. of a series of "Notices of Improved Farm Stock," in New York, thus speaks of Mr. C. N. Bement's, at his Three Hills farm, near Albany, than whom a more distinguished and successful breeder is not, perhaps, to be found in the State:—

"Mr. B.'s Durhams, like every other breeder I have called upon, have become pretty well thinned in point of numbers; he has, however, a few still for sale; among these I would particularly notice his yearling bull Astoria, as being of good size, and of very perfect symmetry of form. I also took quite a fancy to a large three year old heifer, the name of which I do not recollect. But Durhams, as I have before hinted, I do not think the proper stock on light soils, either at the North or South. There are exceptions, but as a grand rule, they must have a luxuriant pasture that produces a good thick bite in summer, with generous feed throughout the winter, or it is idle to think that they can be kept up to good flesh and great size. I believe Mr. B., for one, is becoming convinced of this, and has accordingly procured some Devons, an Ayrshire heifer, with more expected soon to arrive from abroad, and also a few good native cows. One of these last of handsome color, limb, and shape, unites extraordinary milking qualities. From the 19th December to 18th January she made 56 lbs of well worked butter, which is nearly 2 lbs. per day, a great yield for the dead of winter. She is what I think Col. Jacques would class among his celebrated 'Cream Pot' breed without hesitation. I have ever been a great advocate for the improvement of our native breeds of all description of stock, and I am glad to see Mr. B. enter upon the subject so spiritedly. Massachusetts' able Agricultural Commissioner, Mr. Colman, has shown by his reports that we are not deficient in first rate dairy cows. These have only to be carefully selected and crossed with Durham bulls of fine points, middling size, and of deep milking families, to soon ensure as valuable a breed of dairy cows as could be imported at ten times their expense from abroad. In this way the Ayreshires have been made, that have become second now only to the Durhams. Could the attention of stock breeders be better employed than turning to this subject? It really seems to me the only way that our country can ever be filled up with good milking and fattening animals. A few years of such breeding would assuredly do more for us than a century of importations."

American Farmer.

THE POLL EVIL.

A subscriber whose horse has been afflicted with something like the Poll evil, wishes some information through our columns as to the treatment of this disease. We select the following, a part of which has heretofore been published in our paper.

Longwood, Petisco, Mo. Feb. 8, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Permit me to make the following communication: I have a very valuable mare that was affected with what is commonly called Poll Evil.

You know I have always been pleased with fine horses, and my concern about the situation of my mare induced me to mention the case in a circle of my neighbors. I was informed by one that he had cured three for himself by the simple remedy of causing them to wear a bell. I took the idea and put a large bell upon my mare, and she is cured. I think the remedy will succeed in all incipient cases.

I do not think that the cure consists in the rattling of the bell; and as the noise of one would not be well relished about the streets and farms in your polished country, a bell without a clapper will just do as well, provided it be heavy enough. The above disease is generally produced by some external violence on the poll of the head—by pulling by the bridle or blows—at such time as the animal is not in health, which causes the disease to exert its force upon that point. I mention this to apprise any one who may resort to the above remedy, of the necessity of attending to the general condition of the animal during the cure. Respectfully, your friend, M. A. Ferris.

N.B. No horse has ever died with grub or bot worms, that has been plentifully and regularly salted. Indeed, salt and water is almost a cotholicon in the diseases of man and beast.

M.A.F.

We wish our old friend, Dr. Ferris, had given us the philosophy of the cure stated above. We imagine—but we are no doctor—that the friction of the bell strap stimulates the absorbents, and thus assists the cure.

VALUABLE RECEIPT.

Lake Court House, In., March 20, 1839.

To the Editor of the Farmer: Dear Sir—In your paper of the 2d instant, is a "cure for the Poll Evil" in its incipient state:—

When the swelling breaks, or if it has been sometimes a running sore, it will have a pipe or tube from which matter discharges—into this crowd a lump of pearlash or potash, as big as you can with your finger. Three such applications will cure the worst case of poll evil or fistula that ever I saw.

Franklin Farmer. Your friend, Solon Robison.

Durham Cattle.—We had the pleasure, a few days since, of seeing, at the residence of Col. C. C. Morgan, near this city, four heifers, of the improved short-horned Durham breed, purchased by him in England, last spring, and which arrived here a few weeks since. They are certainly among the finest specimens of this breed of animals we have ever seen. It would be difficult, we think, for the most practised eye to detect a fault in the shape of two of them. We understand that previous to the purchase of them by Col. M., they had all taken premiums, but one, at the Cattle Fair, in Northumberland county, England.

Lexington Intelligencer.

FRANKFORT Ky. RACES, CAPITOL COURSE.

THE races over the *Capital Course*, near Frankfort, Ky., will commence on the 3d Wednesday, 16th October next, and continue four days.

First day—The Cooper's Stake, Silver Pitcher, value $100, for 3 year olds, subscription $100 each, half forfeit, added; Two mile heats. To which are the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. W. Bacon names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Kitty Hunter by Paragon
2. W. S. Harris names b. f. *Mary Morriss*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter
3. John A. Holden names b. c. *Vidicq*, by Medoc, dam by Stockholder
4. Ben. Luckett names b. c. *Sydney*, by Archie Montorio, dam by Comet
5. Sydney Burbridge names b. f. *Kate Hunter*
6. J. W. Fenwick names (J. R. Ward's) b. c *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee
7. Col Wm. Buford names ch. f. *Jenny Richmond*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian

Same day—Post Stake for 2 yr. olds, sub. $50 each, P.P.; Mile heats. Now five subscribers, viz.:

Ben. Luckett | W. W. Bacon | J. W. Fenwick
S. Burbridge | J. A. Holden

Second day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Third day—Purse $600, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, subscription $50, h. ft. Five subs., viz.:

1. J. W. Burbridge names ch. c. *Frank Wilson*, by Rodolph, dam by Diomed
2. B. F. Tayloe names ch. c. by Singleton, dam unknown
3. E. R. Price names b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir William
4. Ben. Luckett names b. c. *Tom Hampton*, by Imp. Swist, dam by Sumpter
5. Dr. L. Sanders names bl. f. *Rodolphy*, by Rodolph, dam by Whipster

Same day—Purse $50, with a subscription of $50 each, Mile heats, free for all. To close the day before the race. [Aug 31]

SELMA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over the *Alabama Central Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, $50 forfeit, Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to close on 15th Oct

Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1t October.

There are now several subscribers to each stake. Entries to the sweepstakes will be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Selma. W. PLATTENBURG, *Proprietor*

Selma, Ala., Aug. 24th, 1839.—[sept 7]

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughout the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.

Second day—Four mile heats

Third day—Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.

Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner. JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells | A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run first day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run last day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; to be run Spring Meeting, 1843, Two mile heats, sub. $2000 each, $500 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st April, 1840. Now 14 subs.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1839, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $300 ft.; to be run Fall Meeting of 1841, four or more to make a race. Colts to carry 70lbs., fillies 3lbs. less; to close 1st Feb., 1840. Now one subscriber, viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans.

RICHARD ADAMS, JAMES S. GARRISON, *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7-tdec1]

KINGSBURY TROTTING COURSE.

THE Sporting World is respectfully apprised that the subscribers have rented the *Kingsbury Trotting Course*, situated on the Philadelphia Road, four miles from the city of Baltimore, and will have it in first rate order. They will offer the following purses to be trotted for:—

First day, October 14—A Purse of $100, free for green horses, owned in Maryland, that never won a purse; Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in Harness.

Second day, October 15—A Purse of $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, free for any horse; entrance $100 each, which will be added to the Purse. Three or more to make a race. Entries for this race to close on the 8th of October.

Third day, October 16—A Purse of $200, Two mile heats under the saddle, free for any horse owned in Maryland.

The above purses will be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Course. There is first rate stabling attached to the Course, which will be furnished free, with straw for bedding.

JOHN McCLINTOCK & CO., *Proprietors.*

Baltimore, Sep.t7, 1839—[sept.14]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

June 23,8139.—[jy 13]

NEW ORLEANS (La.) FALL RACES.

THE Jockey Club Fall Meeting over the *Louisiana Course*, will commence on the third Wednesday, 18th Dec., and continue five days.

First day—Creole Purse $500, $400 to the winner, and $100 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, $300.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, $200 of which goes to the second best horse if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $800; if but one, $700, Two mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Two mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race. Now one sub.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, $300 to go to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $1000; if but one, $800, Three mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race; now one sub.

Fourth day—A Splendid Silver Urn, cost $1500, and $500 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the winner to receive $1200, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000 Two mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, entrance money added, Mile heats.

HENRY A. TAYLOE, J. C. BRANCH, THOMAS WADSWORTH, *Proprietors.*

[oct5]

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Two or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

J. C. Guild. | James Jackson. | Saml. Ragland. [oct5]

CHRIST REJECTED,

AT the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, near Niblo's.—This magnificent and well known picture, painted by the late Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.H., which was so much admired when publicly exhibited a few years since in the United States, where in four of the principal cities, it was visited by upwards of *one hundred thousand persons*, is once more offered to the notice of the citizens of New York, and this will probably be the last time they will have an opportunity of seeing this, the most celebrated production of modern times.

Admittance 25 cents. Descriptive Pamphlets, 12½ cents. [oct5]

Open from 10 in the morning till 10 in the evening.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BALTIMORE, Md. - -	Kingsbury Trotting Course, 2d Monday, Oct. 14.
AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - -	Lafayette Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - -	and Philadelphia J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct
CAMDEN, S. C. - - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, Nov. 4.
CYNTHIANA, Ky. - - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
COLUMBIA S. C. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
CLARKSVILLE, Tenn.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
CINCINNATI, Ohio - -	J. C. Fall Meeting, postponed to 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
CAMPBELL STATION,	Tenn. Fall Races, 1st Wednesday, 6th Nov.
FREDERICKSBURG, Va.	Mulberry Course, J.C., F. Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 22
FRANKFORT, Ky. - - -	Capitol Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Oct.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - -	Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
GALVESTON, Texas -	Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss.	A Meeting will be held during the Fall season.
LIVINGSTON, Ala. - -	Picton Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 2 m. h., *Czarina* vs. *Cleopatra*, 1st day.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
MACON, Ga. - - - - -	Central Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Oct.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga.	Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 11th Nov.
MARIANNA, Fla. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
NEW ORLEANS, La.	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
NEW YORK CITY - -	Beacon Course, N. J., Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - -	Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th Nov.
" "	Match, $500 a side, P.P., between the 2 yr. olds of Messrs. Bingaman and Raiby, Nov. 11.
" "	Sweepstakes of seven subs. at $500 each, for 2 yr. olds, Nov. 12.
OXFORD, N. C. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
RAYMOND, Miss. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, about the 1st of Nov
" "	Match, $1000 a side, *Leesburg* vs. *Red Bone*, Wednesday, 30th Oct
RALEIGH, N. C. - - - -	State Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.
SELMA, Ala. - - - - -	Central Course, 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - -	Prairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
TRENTON, N. J. - - -	Eagle Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.

MR. PARSONS.

We received the following note from Mr. Parsons, by which it will be seen that the anticipation of his returning to the stage will not be fulfilled, although we made our publication on what we considered very good grounds, and doubt not our friend of the Cincinnati Republican did the same. It will be seen by the note, too, that Mr. Parsons does not deny that *he had* such intention, although certain considerations may have induced him to forego it.

Mr. Marshall: Dear Sir,—Although it has never been my custom to pay much attention to idle rumors, yet the one now afloat demands refutation.

In the first place, I have no intention *ever* to return to the profession I have recently abandoned—and secondly: with the assisting grace of God, will *never* withdraw from either the church or ministry; looking for my reward not here, but hereafter—deeming it my peculiar glory to serve in the ranks of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to be found *always* a faithful soldier of the Cross.

The misapprehension of my friends has been a venial one—but lest those at a distance should draw wrong conclusions, be pleased to give this a place in your paper. Respectfully yours, C. B. PARSONS.

The foregoing note appeared in the Louisville Gazette some two or three weeks ago. Since its publication, however, it seems that "envious vituperation and malicious anonymous persecution," have wrought a great "change of feeling" in its author, and he has finally withdrawn, and is "honorably absolved from all connexion with the Methodist Episcopal Church." The following note we find in the same paper of a later date.

Mr. Marshall: Sir,—It becomes my duty, (and to me an unpleasant one) again to obtrude myself before the public. Public men are public property says the maxim, and their sentiments the rightful heritage of the commentator and the critic; this I am disposed to admit, and, as my sentiments from *malignant, unforeseen, unexpected*, and not to be prevented circumstances, have undergone a radical change, since I addressed you, and as I have no doubt, public rumor with her thousand tongues will be, if she has not already been, busy with the matter, I deem it proper to lay the facts before you myself.

By the following certificate, it will be seen, that I have honestly withdrawn myself from the Methodist E. Church, and am no longer a member of that honorable body.

"This is to testify, that C. B. Parsons is honorably absolved from all connexion with the Methodist Episcopal Church. RICHARD TYDINGS,
Sept. 21. Preacher in charge of 4th st. station, Louisville."

Envious vituperation and malicious anonymous persecution has caused the step and the change of feeling. In justice, however, to the leading members of the Church, I am bound to say, they nobly rallied around me, and would have repelled even to the last this base and slanderous falsehood, could I have permitted them. And of the venerable and well beloved Pastor in charge, I cannot speak in terms too exalted; to the meek and lowly follower of the Savior, is joined in him the powerful orator and spotless divine. Fourth-street church will long remember the thunders of his voice, as in its volume of sounds it swept down the crowded aisles of the edifice, to the great satisfaction of all good Christians, but to the infinite discomfiture of those who worship God by sleeping in his temple. No minister has graced the pulpit of that church who has united in himself the true concentration of all religious virtues equal to the Rev. Richard Tydings; for, unlike some, he is the faithful Christian in the dining-room as well as in the sacred desk. But to my purpose, being now entirely free from all obligations, should I hereafter find it necessary, in order to supply the needful wants of those who are dependent on me for support, and who look to me for protection, have recourse to a profession, in the exercise of which I was most happy, I trust my friends will not like me the less, nor withhold from me their patronage, because I love the Savior of the world, and worship at the shrine of Nature's God.

With an apology for being so long in my epistle, I subscribe myself
Your and the public's obedient servant, C. B. PARSONS.
September 24. Louisville City Gazette.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

Bannister, the player, went into an auction-room one evening, while the pulpit orator, with the cry of "going—going—who bids more?" made the room echo. The wag, pushing his way through the crowd, gravely said, "I will *bid more*." "How much, Sir?" "Why, *I'll bid you a good night!*" saying which he walked off.

George Frederick Cooke.—At the time the elephant made his appearance on the boards, his own board became a subject of no trifling consideration with the managers, particularly as the African had taken a predilection for rum, which the new actor used to quaff with extraordinary zeal. On one occasion Cooke was missing from a morning rehearsal, and all had been some time in waiting for the tragedian, when the messenger whom Kemble had despatched in search of him returned grinning to the green-room. "Where is Mr. Cooke, Sir?" demanded Kemble. "He is below, *breakfasting with the elephant!*" was the reply.

Incledon being in Wales, and having to sing before a country audience, was accompanied by a Welsh harper, who, whatever proficiency he might boast in playing the national airs of the sons of St. David, was unequal to the task of keeping time with Incledon. The singer and the instrument started together, but very quickly separated; it became the race of the hare and the tortoise. In vain Incledon began again, or paused to make matters even. The harper was imperturbably obstinate in his jog-trot time—a very German postillion. At last the singer could bear it no longer, and in a paroxysm of anger, more violent for his preceding attempts to suppress it, he in his coarse language addressed the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry—I have endeavored to do my best—I cannot go on for this d—— king David's harp of yours." This profane mode of introducing an Old Testament name was nothing to the contempt it implied for the patron Saint of Wales and his instrument, which was all Incledon meant to express; unluckily, or perhaps luckily for himself, introducing "king" for "saint."

A ludicrous circumstance lately occurred at the theatre at Market Drayton. The company were performing "Pizarro," when, during the "Hymn to the Sun," the lights being placed too close to the transparent scene of that luminary, it unfortunately took fire. The manager, who officiated as the high priest, just after singing the words "O power supreme," observed the mishap, and in the utmost consternation, called to the stage-keeper, "The sun's on fire!" then proceeding with the hymn, "O power supreme!"—"You rascals, put out the sun, I say!" The sun, however, continued to blaze. The audience, notwithstanding their fears, were convulsed with laughter; and it was not until the fire in the sun was extinguished that the play could proceed.

"Pray, Mr. Quin," said a lady, "did you ever make love?" "No," replied he, "I always buy it ready made."

Foote once dined at the Castle, at Salt Hill, when the landlord (Partridge) produced his bill. Foote considered the prices very exorbitant, and inquired his name. "Partridge, and please you," replied the host. "Partridge," resumed Foote, "it should be *Woodcock*, by the length of your *bill*."

Garrick.—The following anecdote of Garrick and Preville is extracted from a work on theatrical representations, published at Paris:—

When Garrick was in France, he made a short excursion from the capital with the celebrated Parisian performer, Preville. They were on horseback, and Preville took a fancy to act the part of a drunken cavalier. Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him he wanted one thing, which was essential to complete the picture—he did not *make his legs drunk*. "Hold, my friend," said he, "and I will show you an English blood, who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of port, mounts his horse in a summer evening, to go to his box in the country." He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication. He called to his servant that the sun and the fields were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared and wheeled in every direction; at length he lost his whip, his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups, the bridle fell from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties. Finally, he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner, that Preville gave an involuntary cry of horror, and his terror greatly increased when he found that his friend made no answer to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked again, with the emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was hurt. Garrick, whose eyes were closed, half opened one of them, hiccupped, and with the most natural tone of intoxication, called for another glass. Preville was astonished; and when Garrick started up and resumed his usual demeanor, the French actor exclaimed—"My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him."

THE GRENADIER AND THE MILK WOMAN.

At the Westminster Court of Requests on Monday, Augustus Traughton, a tall mustachiocd stripling, redolent of *eau de Cologne* and sweet-scented bear's grease, appeared to answer the claim of Mrs. Dorothy Jones, for 4s. 6d., the value of a pail of milk, which Dorothy averred had been rendered unfit for a Christian's stomach, by the accidental and unfortunate "dipping" of Augustus's ambrosial curls and mustachios therein.

Commissioner—Do you admit this claim, Mr. Augustus Traughton?

Mr. Augustus Traughton (in a drawling tone)—No, certainly not; I admit nothing. Let the woman—a—state her case. And Mr. Augustus Traughton played with his moustache, lifted his chin out of a silk stock in which he had suffered it to lie half buried, and looked round the court with his vision ten degrees above the vulgar horizon of the various plaintiffs and defendants in attendance. "Let the woman state her case, and I'll see if there's a—a—a—any thing worth replying to. Where is the woman?" turning round leisurely, and an extra elevation to his nose, which nose was a perfect "bowsprit."

"Bless my soul! *Mr. Marjoram*," said Dorothy, who had been "hanging on tenter hooks," while Mr. Augustus Traughton had been addressing the court, "Bless my soul! though you *are* so mighty sweet-scented, I'm worth half-a-dozen civil words from you, night or morning. Pooh, pooh! don't turn up your nose at *me*; mud's as good as mud all the world over!"

Commissioner—State your case, Mrs. Jones.

Dorothy—So I will, sir. *Woman*, indeed! Mr. Bear's-grease (looking contemptuously at Mr. Augustus Traughton).

Commissioner—Will you have the goodness, Mrs. Jones, to state your case?

Dorothy proceeded to do so. After informing the court that she kept a dairy of her own, and had two cows, "a brindled and a *poley* one," she went on to relate, that, early on the morning of the 31st ult. she had placed her milk-pails against the new church in the New Road, and had gone across the road for the purpose of letting down by a long string half a pint of cream into the area of one of her customers, when she heard a very awful scream, as if coming from her pails. She immediately turned round, and, to her astonishment and alarm, she saw a man hard at work ducking the head of Mr. Augustus Traughton into one of her milk-pails. It appeared that Augustus, being very thirsty from the previous night's debauch, had found his way to the milk-pail in question, into which, without asking, "By your leave, Mrs. Dorothy?" he had thrust his head, with the sober determination of having a draught of her sky-blue.—Another "early" gentleman happened to be passing at the time Augustus was peering into the "milky way," and being, it is presumed, of mischief-loving mind, and judging that Augustus was about to commit a felony upon the milk, he straightway soused him over head and ears, and treated him in such a manner as to occasion the awful cries heard by Mrs. Jones, when she was letting down the half-pint of cream into the area. This sousing, averred Mrs. Jones, had abstracted from Mr. Augustus Traughton's hair, mustachios, and whiskers, a monstrous quantity of hog's lard, mutton fat, and oil, "a villainous compound," which had rendered the entire pail of milk altogether unfit for use. She now claimed the value of the milk.

Commissioner (to defendant)—What have you to say why you should not pay for this milk?

Mr. Augustus Traughton said it was preposterous to call upon him to pay for the milk—he had not spoilt it, inasmuch as he did not souse his own head in the pail.

Commissioner—You were committing an illegal act, and are responsible for any injury which that illegal act occasioned. And I take it that you were *purloining* Mrs. Jones's milk.

Mr. Augustus Traughton—Purloining?—oh, no, quite different—quite different—a—

Commissioner—It is sufficient that you poked your perfumed head into the pail without her permission.

Mr. Augustus Traughton—True; oh, yes, certainly, but—I submit—a—a—a—she had no right to absent herself from her pails. The law lays it down that negligence—

Commissioner—The law is, that if you will get tipsy, and suffer your well-pomatumed locks to be made a mop of, and trundelled in a pail of milk, you must pay the damage done.

Mr. Augustus Traughton—I most a—a—a—most emphatically asseverate, that a—a—my locks, as you were pleased to term them, are never a—a—pomatumed. It is an absolute—a—impossibility that my hair (running his fingers through it) could injure milk—a—

Commissioner—Was your hair as it now is, when it was soused in Mrs. Jones's milk?

Mr. Augustus Traughton—Yes. I had—a—been out—a—a—to a party.

Commissioner—Really, then, I must say, that if your head was rinsed in the manner described in the pail, the good woman was quite right in not selling the milk.

Mr. Augustus Traughton—I should—a—a—like to know how—a—the milk could be rendered useless by the—a—a—scent from my hair—a——

Commissioner—*Scent* do you call it? Do you mean to tell me that the sousing in a pail of milk of a head of hair, having on it half a pound of mutton fat and lard, would not spoil it?

Mr. Augustus Traughton most solemnly declared that the bear's grease used by him was "pure Russia," and that it was so innocent that it would not offend the most delicate stomach.

"Oh! mercy me!" exclaimed Mrs. Dorothy Jones, "our very pigs turned up their noses at the milk, and we were obliged to throw it into the sink hole."

Commissioner—What do you say to that, Mr. Traughton?

Augustus—Pigs have very fine noses.

Commissioner—And stomachs, too, it appears.

It was ultimately decided that Augustus should pay the amount claimed.

Augustus asked for "time," in order to pay the 4s. 6d.; and upon the commissioner putting a few home questions to the perfumed gentleman, it turned out that he was an ex-Westminster grenadier, and that he occasionally assisted his mother, who was—a laundress.

The commissioner said he was sure that if Mr. Augustus Traughton left off using genuine bear's grease, he might pay the money in a week, which he ordered him to do.

The Late Lord Viscount Sackville.—His lordship was one day entering his house in Pall mall, when he observed a basket of vegetables standing in the hall, and inquired of the porter to whom they belonged, and from whence they came? Old John immediately replied, "They are ours, my lord, from our country house." "Very well," rejoined the peer. At that instant a carriage stopped at the door, and Lord George, turning round, asked what coach it was. "Ours," said honest John. "And are the children in it *ours* too?" said his lordship, laughing. "Most certainly, my lord," replied John, with the utmost gravity, and immediately ran to lift them out.

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday in February next, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida. D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor.*
Marianna, Florida, Sept. 24, 1839.—[oct 12]

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE stakes upon this Course having closed at an earlier period than usual, several nominations were in consequence made too late for admission. To meet the wishes of such as were thus disappointed, a new stake was opened, which closed on the 1st of October, viz:

First day—3d Sweepstakes, for all 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100; Mile heats, closed on the 1st of October, with the following subcribers:—
1. James K. Van Mater names Imp. ch. c. by Felt, out of Viga.
2. Also, names Imp. ch. c. by Emancipation, out of Rosalinda.
3. Joseph H. Van Mater names ch. c. *Peter Pindar*, by Imp. Daghee, dam by Imp. Barefoot.

Trenton, Oct. 9th, 1839—[oct12] O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

TROTTING HORSE FOR SALE.

THE celebrated trotting horse *Norman Leslie*, will be offered for sale at the Trenton Race Course on the Four mile day, which comes off the 23d instant.
[oct 12-2t] PHILIP McGUIRE.

SITUATION WANTED AS TRAINER.

THE subscriber having had considerable experience as a trainer in the Middle and Southern States, is desirous of getting a permanent situation. Satisfactory references will be given to any gentleman wishing to employ. J. K. DAWSON.
Scotland Neck, N. C.—[sept 28-4t]

AMERICAN
TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE, FOR OCTOBER.

THE 10th No. of this work was published on the 1st Oct., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:
THE NEWEST TURN-OUT; on Steel by Dick, after F. O. Turner.
WOODCOCK SHOOTING; on Steel by Dick, after F. O. Turner.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, October 5, 1839.

COLUMBIA (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
After each day's Jockey Club Purse race, the Proprietor will give a Purse for Sweepstakes, distance and amount of entrance made known the night previous to the race.
[oct12-1t] JOHN C. O HANLON.

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany. WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*
Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.
C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.
Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.
First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:
1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matchom*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R. Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter.
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, J. B. TAYLOR, *Proprietors.*

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE races over the *Camden Course* will commence on Monday, the 4th Nov. next, and continue four days
First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds (closed).
Second day—Jockey Club Purse, Four mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse, Two mile heats.
Fifty dollars will be given by the Club for a Sweepstake on each day, to be run for immediately after the main race.
[sept 21—6t] WM. KENNEDY, *Secretary.*

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over this Course, will commence the 3d Tuesday, the 15th of Oct., and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit, Two mile heats; eleven subscribers, and closed, viz..
1. David McDaniel names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Vashti.
2. W. R. Johnson names ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
3. J. D. Kirby names br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.
4. C. Hatcher (for E. J. Wilson) names gr. f. by Imp. Autocrat, out of Nancy Norwood.
5. J. S. Corbin names Imp. b. c. *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My La[illegible]
6. J. K. Vanmater names Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller.
7. Also, Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel.
8. Wm. Gibbons names br. c. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o'
9. Wm. Jones names b. c. *Treasurer*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove.
10. Geo. Goodwyn names br. c. *Norfolk*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem.
11. B. B Cunningham names bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Van Tromp.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

Second day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200, h. ft., free only for 3 yr. olds that never won a race. Closed the 1st Sept., with six subscribers, viz.:
1. J. D. Kirby names br. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Gohanna.
2. I. Puckett names ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Medley.
3. W. R. Johnson names b. c. by Eclipse, out of S. Hardaway's Omega.
4. J. K. Van Mater names Imp. br. c. *Mercer*, by Emilius.
5. Also, Imp bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel.
6. D. McDaniel names b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon.

Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, with an inside Post Stake of $2000 each, P.P., Four mile heats Closed 1st Sept., with three subs., viz.:
W. R. Johnson. Chas. Hatcher. O. P. Hare.

Fourth day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Same day—A Match race for $2000 a side, $500 forfeit, between
Mr. E. Colman's ch. c. 3 years old, by Star, out of Malinda, and
Mr. J. D. Kirby's br. c. 3 years old, by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.
[sept 21-4t] WM. N. FRIEND.

BEACON COURSE RACES.

THE races over this Course will commence on the 29th day of October, being the week after the Trenton Races.

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds that never won a race at the time of entry, Mile heats, subscription $50 each, P. P. The Proprietors will give $50 to the second best, if more than three start. To name and close by the first day of October, and three or more to make a race.

Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, of which $50 will be given to the second best.

Second day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds. Mile heats, sub. $100 each, $25 forfeit; three or more to make a race, and the second best to draw one fourth of the stakes; to name and close by first day of October.

Same day—Purse $500, Three mile heats, of which $100 will be given to the second best.

Third day—Purse $800, Four mile heats, of which $200 will be given to the second best.

And the Proprietors propose to the owners of Hornblower, Job, Fordham, and Wonder, or any three of them, that if they will enter into an inside stake of $500 or more, P.P., on the four mile day, the purse shall be made, as to them, $1000, and the second best of them shall receive $250 extra.

Some Mile heat purses may be offered during the meeting, of which due notice will be given. All entries for Sweepstakes to be made by letter, directed to D. H. Branch, New York City. Entries for purses to be made by 1 o'clock, on the day preceding the race.
BY THE PROPRIETORS
New York, Sept. 3, 1839.—[sept 7]

MULBERRY COURSE (Va.) RACES.

WE the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 yr. old; Two mile heats; Sub. $200 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close the 1st day of October next.

We the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Mile heats—Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close on the 1st day of October next.

The Fall meeting on the Mulberry Course will come off as usual, on the fourth Tuesday, the 22d of October. WM. McCARGO, Proprietor.
Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 1, 1839.—[Aug. 10-10t.]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.
EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf]

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Fall Meeting over the above Course, will commence on Tuesday, October 22d, 1839, and continue four days

First day (Tuesday), a sweepstake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100.

1. David M'Daniel names ch. f. Ildica by Pacific, out of Delila by Sir Archy.
2. James B. Kendall names gr. f. by Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna.
3. Col. Wm R. Johnson names ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
4. James K. Van Mater names ch. c. Passaic, by Reveller.
5. Also, " " " br. c. Mercer by Emilius.

Same day, a sweepstake for 3 year olds which never won a race, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats.

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of the dam of Catherine Davis.
2. David M'Daniel names ch. c. by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon.
3. James K. Van Mater names br. c. Mercer, by Emilius.
4. Also, " " " bl. c. Cumberland, by Camel.

Second day (Wednesday), a Purse of $1500, Four mile heats.

Same day, a sweepstake for 3 year olds which shall not have won a race previous to closing this stake. Sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats.

1. A. V. Conover names b. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Sister to Manalopan.
2. David Toms names b. c. by Marshal Ney, dam by John Richards.
3. Joseph H. Van Mater names b. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Sir Solomon.

Third day (Thursday), a purse of $1000, Three mile heats.

Same day, a Purse of $200, Mile heats.

Fourth day (Friday), a purse of $600, Two mile heats.

Same day, a Purse, Mile heats.

One third of each of the above purses to go to the second best, if more than *one* start, if but *one* all to go to the winner.

When the rules of the Northern Turf do not designate the second best, the horse that is second in the last heat, will be so considered.

Entries for all purses will close at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race, at *nine* o'clock, A. M.—entrance 5 per cent.

A list of the entries for each purse can be seen in New York; at the Office of the Spirit of the Times, Astor House, Washington Hall, and Park Hotel, on the day previous to each race, immediately after the arrival of the morning line of Cars from Philadelphia, and in the Sun, Herald, and Era, on the morning of each race; also at the principal Hotels of Philadelphia, on the evening previous to each race, and in the principal Philadelphia Papers on the morning of each race.

Gentlemen from the Northern and Southern states, can rely on securing good stables for race-horses, by making application, or addressing a letter to the subscriber.

☞ As the New Jersey and Pennsylvania railroads have brought the Eagle Course within a few hours ride of New York and Philadelphia, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than have heretofore been on any course *North of Louisiana*.

O. BAILEY, Secretary.

Trenton, N. J. September 6th, 1839.—[sept 7]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

FEATHER, by Monsieur Tonson, g. d. by Sir Archy, g. g d. by Imp. Buzzard, her dam Imp. Symmetry, by Trumpator, &c. See A. T. Register, Vol. 1, p. 622, and Vol. 8, p. 479, for further particulars.

PRODUCE SINCE 1837

1838. Br. c. by Sarpedon.
1839. Ch f. by Zinganee—stinted this season to Priam

The above mare and colts are offered for sale, and an opportunity afforded to purchasers of procuring the most approved stock in the country. The mare is ten years old this Spring, and is in fine health. She is full fifteen hands and a half high, fine bay, and in point of beauty, symmetry, and action, is not surpassed by any mare in the State.

Feather was trained by Mr. WILLIAMS, near Nashville, the fall she was three years old, and ran but one race, having received forfeit in another stake. The race was closely contested for three heats, the first being decided a dead heat between her and one of the best four year olds of the day, in that part of the country. The heaviness of the track, and bad condition of her feet, made much against her in the race, which she lost. A gentleman who had charge of her informed me, that in her trials, she could run a mile in 1:47 She was the following season put to horse, and has been ever since, and is a sure breeder Reference can be had to WM. R. JOHNSON, Hon. BALIE PEYTON, and Rev. H. M. CRYER. Her colts are large, and of high racing form.

M. ALEXANDER.

Lombardy Grove P.O., Mecklenburg Co., Va , 26th Aug , 1839.—[sept 14-4t*]

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840 ; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed ; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala.

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race ; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed ; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J .C

J. CONROY'S
FISHING TACKLE STORE,
No 52 Fulton (corner of Cliff Street), New York. 2

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued ; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric ; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York :—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings : the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor ; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue ; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix ; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor ; The English Racing Season for 1838 ; by Craven ; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod ; American Racing Calendar of 1839 ; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances ; The High Prices of Stallions ; Blood will Come out ; Horse Letter Writers ; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic ; Register of Pedigrees ; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor ; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel : the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor ; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey ; Oriental Field Sports ; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor ; Killing Trout out of Season ; On Bridling and Bitting Horses ; Notes of the Month, by the Editor ; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine ; Racing in Russia ; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar ; On Arab Horses ; English Popular Racing Stallions ; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838 ; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse ; Memoir of Imp. Philip ; A Maryland Fox Hunt ; The late Match in Virginia ; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator ; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel ; Sales of Blood Stock ; Boat Song ; New Theory of Stallions ; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart ; On Training, by Expedition ; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor ; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester ; How to Buy a Horse ; Observations on the Spring Campaign ; Comparison of the Speed of Horses ; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds ; The Washington and Baltimore Races ; Register of Pedigrees ; Racing Calendar of 1839 ; The Blood Hound ; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor ; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester ; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos ;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur ; Notes of the Month ; Turfiana ; American Sporting Gallery ; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses ; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings ; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor ; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third ; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur ; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex : Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus ; Luzborough and his get, by "J." ; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood ; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine , Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice ;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer ;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton ; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N." of Arkansas ; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

The Ninth Number for SEPTEMBER, was embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings ; A PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY ; by Dick, after A. Cooper ; and A PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION ; by Dick, after Hancock.

Contents of No. IX—A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third, by "Frank Forester", Memoir of Bloomsbury, by the Editor ; Memoir of Deception, by the Same ; How to Buy a Horse, No. III., by an Amateur ; Cost of Fox-Hunting in England, by F. P. Delme Radcliffe ; Permanent American Sweepstakes, by "A Subscriber to the Peyton Stakes"; Ascot Heath Races, by "A Down Easter" ; Stanzas, by "A Sporting Bachelor" ; External Conformation of Cattle, Sheep, etc., by Mr. Sparrow ; "A." on Stallions ; Matida *alias* the Cropped Mare, by Geo. H Burwell, Esq.; On Breeding from Young Stallions, by "A. B." ; Notes of the Month ; Sales of Blood Stock ; New Race Courses ; Turf Register, &c. English Racing Calendar, 1839 ; Descriptions of the Courses ; Lengths of the Newmarket Courses ; Table of Abbreviation ; Resolution of the Jockey Club, &c. &c.

The *Tenth Number*, for OCTOBER, was embellished with two very spirited and finely executed engravings on Steel ; ARTAXERXES, by Dick, after Turner, and WOODCOCK SHOOTING, by the same artists.

Contents of No. X—More Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; The Newest Turn-Out, by the Editor ; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Fifth, by Frank Forester ; Memoir of Lady Clifden, by "J. J." ; Crib-Biting, by Bracy Clark ; How to Buy a horse, No. IV., by an Amateur ; The English and American Turf, by "Blood Horse" ; Turf Register ; Notes of the Month, by the Editor ; English Racing Calendar ; To Readers and Correspondents, &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office ; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled ; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 22, 1839.

ST. LOUIS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the *St. Louis Course*, will commence on Monday, 14th October next, and continue six days.

First day—A Match between Messrs. Lane & Shacklett's *Bonny Black*, and Messrs. Uzzell & Bissell's *Molly Long*, for $500, Two miles.

Same day—A mule race, to come off immediately after the match, Two mile heats ; purse $50, ent. $20, to be added to the purse. No distance in this race.

Second day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Now two subs.

Third day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Now three subs. The two preceding sweepstakes to name and close by the 1st August next.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

The entrance required for the above purses, is ten per cent. on the amount of the respective purses.

Sixth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, for the *St. Louis Plate*, valued at $200. The entrance to depend on the number of entries made.

☞ The above races are free for any horse, mare, or gelding.

☞ All persons wishing to enter into the above sweepstakes, will direct to the proprietor, at this place, and at the same time remit a forfeit note, which letter must be mailed on or before the time the stakes close.

☞ Several improvements have been made on the course since the Spring Meeting ; among which is one that will add greatly to the safety of running, by an entire enclosure for the inside circle. Stables will be furnished on application.

BENJAMIN AMES, *Secretary* and *Proprietor*.

N. B. There is a trainer of respectable character located on the track, who will undertake the training of horses for gentlemen, on moderate terms, and give the most unquestionable guarantee in regard to capability and probity of character.

☞ Heretofore, *two* courses have been in operation near this city, and the subscriber deems it imperative to state that, as far as the St. Louis Course has been concerned, the purses have been promptly paid. [jy 20] B. AMES.

SWEEPSTAKES.—OPELOUSAS, LA.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to come off over the Belle View Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will probably take place the last week in October.

1. For 3 year olds, subscription $500, h. ft., Mile heats—to close September 1st.
2. For 3 year olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
3. For 2 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
4. Post Stake—for horses of unmixed Creole blood, all ages, feather weights—sub. $150, P.P., Mile heats—to close October 1st. Horses from Spanish mares to be considered as Creoles.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to any of the above stakes, can do so by sending their nominations by mail, addressed to

[aug10.] Capt. D. S. PARRISH, Sec'y. pro tem, Opelousas, La.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit ; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo ; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races ; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle ; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey ; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantinelli*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs , Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee. BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit ; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841 ; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake ; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	R. K. Polk,	Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson,	Samuel Ragland,	E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,	George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842 ; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race ; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland,	William H. Polk, by	E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson,	Lucius J. Polk,	James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie,	R. K. Polk,	Hickman Lewis.
L. P. Cheatham,		

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard.

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats ; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,	Duncan F. Kenner,	George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier,	W. J. Minor,	A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats ; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840 ; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,	Fergus Duplantier,	T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver,	G. N. Sanders,	A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered :

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race ; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next ; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840 ; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race ; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

1eJun

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take plece every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 20*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders however distant, meet the same attention as personal application,

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be addressed S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THE public are respectfully informed that Mrs FITZWILLIAM, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, has arrived, and will make her appearance on Monday next, in the the comedy of the COUNTRY GIRL, and the farce of the WIDOW WIGGINS, written expressly for her, in which she will sustain six different characters. Mrs. Fitzwilliam's nights of performance will be every evening during the week.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Oct. 12—For the benefit of Miss VANDENHOFF, when will be repeated (in consequence of repeated demands) Knowles' Play of THE HUNCHBACK; Master Walter, Mr. VANDENHOFF; Julia, Miss VANDENHOFF; being the last night of their appearance—To conclude with the Drama of the HUNTER OF THE ALPS; Felix, with the original song, Mr. VANDENHOFF.

MONDAY, October 14—Will be produced (with New Scenery, Properties, &c.) the Grand Romantic Opera of AMILIE; Jose Speckbacker, (his original character) Mr. WILSON; General Count Von der Tiemer, Mr. SEGUIN; Amilie, (her original character,) Miss SHIRREFF; Lelia, Mrs. HENRY WALLACK; the above celebrated Artists being engaged for a limited period;—with a popular Farce.

The above celebrated Vocalists will appear in a Grand Opera each night during the week.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL Ladies and Gentlemen are hereby notified that the *New City Theatre* at Jackson, Miss., will open for the season, on or about the 15th of Nov. next.

Letters, if post paid, and addressed to the undersigned, at Louisville, Ky., will be promptly attended to. JOHN S. POTTER.

TO RENT—for the ensuing Winter Season—

The *New City Theatre*, at Port Gibson, Miss.

Also,—The *New City Theatre*, at Grand Gulf, Miss. Apply as above.

Brandon Springs, Aug. 24, 1839—[sept 21-10t*]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—Surely there is a fatality which attends the beautiful opera of "La Gazza Ladra" in this country. When first announced at the Park theatre at the gloomiest period in the last season, all may recollect how the illness of this or that individual delayed its production—what substitutions were necessary that it might be produced at all. Then again when at last brought out, a thousand mischances, we had almost said, accompanied; truly the danger was imminent that the opera would be condemned after this test, in itself so unsatisfactory. But it did survive the first attempt upon it; no sickness could prevent its music from making a favorable impression upon every listener, and at last it has been brought out with still greater force, but under auspices yet more unhappy. In the first place, Mr. MANVERS was so ill that he could not pretend to sing; not a note could be heard, as we last week announced. In the second place, Mrs. MARTYN was ill—unable, indeed, with any justice to herself, to bear up against the fatigues of a single act; but she did struggle through, and executed her music with such credit, that those who had not before heard her, would not have dreamed of her illness. Since that night she has been severely ill, not only quite unable to appear upon the stage, but exciting the alarm of her friends lest she should entirely lose her voice. And yet some scoundrel penny-a-liner has asserted that all this is but a mere sham, to escape from appearing in an opera to which she did not feel herself equal. The same gross falsehood has been asserted of Mr. Manvers, when it was as obvious as the noon-day sun, to every man in the house, that the man should have been at home and in his bed.

The continued indisposition of Mrs. Martyn since Mr. Manvers' recovery, has alone prevented the repetition of "La Gazza Ladra," which was exceedingly well received. We do not recollect to have seen a pit audience so respectable in character as was that which assembled on the first night of this opera, and their applause was bestowed warmly and constantly. The overture was encored and favorite passages in the opera, and everything evinced that when played by this troupe in good health and voice, it will become a favorite entertainment. Too much praise cannot be given to the leader and his band, save that he has a trumpet which is at times a little fond of displaying its powers and calling particular attention to itself.

Since "La Gazza Ladra" has been suspended, the troupe have been doing such other operas as they could do at so short a notice, and with numbers broken. Madame OTTO was substituted for Mrs. Martyn on Thursday, and sang *Cinderella*, and acquitted herself most creditably upon so short a notice. Her foreign accent has become most pleasing to our ears, and she has a voice of great flexibility and scope. If any thing could compensate for the temporary loss of Mrs. Martyn, it would be that the manager has it in his power, by substituting Madame Otto or Miss Poole in principal operas, still to treat his supporters to music. Of Mr. Giubelei's *Baron* we have before spoken; the more we hear it, the better does it please us. Mr. MANVERS had so far recovered as to be able to play the *Prince*; but you can still perceive that he needs rest and repose.

Nothing else calls for a particular notice save the production of "La Sonnambula" last evening with Miss POOLE as *Amina*. And in this, if we were but to say that Miss Poole made a great hit, and that the opera went off with eclat, we should but half express the enthusiasm of the house who listened to her. Certain portions of the music, which are entirely within the range of her voice, she sings with the most magical sweetness and effect; the whole last act enchanted the audience—the finale was tremendously cheered, and the beautiful girl was instantaneously called out to receive over again the loudest applause and waving of hats and 'kerchiefs Mr. Giubelei of course sang the music of Rodolpho inimitable—we have not had his equal before.—The band, too, the best we ever had in the country, did justice to this most delicious opera. Mr. Martyn played *Alessio* better than we have been in the habit of seeing; it is usually too grossly caricatured, and *Alessio* made a mere buffoon. At so late an hour, we can say but little more—could some inferior parts in the opera be more respectably cast, one would never tire in listening to it. We had almost forgotten Manvers, who played *Elvino*. He sang it unequally, but many passages perfectly. He is still hoarse, however, and should lay by for a while.

Madame GIUBELEI appeared at too late an hour for us to notice this week.

To-night Mr. PLACIDE will treat his friends to a new and very capital part in a comedy, written, or perhaps translated, by WEBSTER of the Haymarket. We just name it that the Saturday night epicures may not lose, by inadvertance, so rich a treat.

On Monday next Mrs. FITZWILLIAM appears. To show the estimation in which this lady is held in her own country, we cut from one of our English papers the following notice of her farewell benefit. Every paper that we have opened contains a paragraph on the subject, and they are all alike enthusiastic. May she be received as a lady of her standing in the profession may hope to be.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam, decidedly the first acress in her line on the stage, who has the rare merit of being, unlike many of her contemporaries, an imitatrix of no other performer, took her farewell benefit on Thursday. The house was not crowded—it was crammed; people packed themselves as close as sandwiches; the entertainments were admirable, and elicited as much applause as could be given by auditors so completely potted together. The greeting Mrs. Fitzwilliam received on her entree was affectionate, there was but one feeling displayed *en masse*. She was called for at the close of the performance, and appeared to receive renewed demonstrations of admiration; garlands &c. were flung on the stage, and plaudits continued long after her retiring behind the scene.

The National.—They had a great house here on Wednesday evening, for Miss VANDENHOFF's benefit. She is now established as a favorite, and to her the manager owes the excellent business he has been doing this week. At the rate things appeared to be going the week previous, it would have been impossible to make the Niblo speculation succeed, but at present all looks favorable, and we have no doubt that the opera next week will draw as many as can be stowed in the house.

We hear but little of the prospect of building the new theatre in Broadway; at last accounts there remained to be subscribed but $50,000, but the excessive difficulty in the monied affairs of the city, now wrought to a crisis by the failure of the "monster," may possibly suspend, or altogether break up the project. But such a theatre is sure to be well supported, so eligible is the site, and the only wonder to us is, that some capitalist does not take the whole upon his shoulders at once, and erect a magnificent building.

Nor will this injure the old theatre; competition is the life of business, and we are fully persuaded that the Park Theatre will be better attended when the management shall be urged to put forth every exertion by the active rivalry, than when it has the matter all its own way.

There are too many races to be attended to this week to allow us to think *theatrically*—much less write so. What with the St. Leger, the Louisville, the Long Island, the Broad Rock, the Baltimore, and other meetings, nothing can draw us from sporting matters, but "Fidelio," or "La Gazza Ladra;" these unfortunately, are laid aside on account of the illness of Mrs. Martyn—a lady who sings with more taste, sentiment, and feeling, than any prima donna who has preceded her.

THE ATTACKS ON THE PARK MANAGEMENT.

The war upon one of the managers of the Park theatre is still waged with great pertinacity on the part of several daily journals, but to the great scandal of the public. The Editor of the "Star" is the leader of the Crusade, but his course is so readily understood about town that the press says little of it, moved to this, no doubt, by a creditable spirit of toleration. One paper, however, comes down on the "King of the Jews" in fine style, and although we may not like the tone of the article, so far as it touches upon matters of faith and religious distinction, yet we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of copying a picture of the editor of the "Star," drawn by a master hand. The following is from the "Reformer":—

"But how does it happen that Noah of the Star is so ambitious to take the lead in this crusade against the Park Theatre, and this dastardly attack upon Mr. Price. Has he forgotten, when he was kicked out of the old "Advocate," by Roberts, that Mr. Price advanced $1000, and prevailed on Eckford and others to advance £4000 more, which enabled him to start another paper the second day thereafter? Who was it, when Commodore Decatur, in the public streets, called him a scoundrel, and charged him with purloining the public money while Consul at Tunis, that interfered in his behalf, and saved him from personal chastisement? And why does this profligate and ungrateful old man now seek to slander and injure one who has rendered him such signal services? The reason is, we apprehend, to be sought in the utterly depraved character of the man, whose career, from early life to the present time, has been one of falsehood, ingratitude, and perfidy."

This is all true we have no donbt, although it was denied in the "Star" of Thursday; but whatever may be said of it, the position of the Star, its character for veracity is perfectly appreciated in our city, and all the denials in the world, unaccompanied with evidence, will not avail.

In the abuse of Mr. PRICE, certain papers think it now very decorous and honorable to work in his family connections, and thus hit the scandal-loving appetite of many of their readers. If there be any other mode of warfare more cowardly than this, we should like to know of it. Certain are we, that the moral sense of the public revolts at so villainous a proceeding.

We cannot say more on this topic this week, but cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a comment from the "Boston Morning Post," upon the recent correspondence which has excited such attention. The editor of the Post ever thinks and feels as a gentleman should do, and of course writes like one. Hear him:—

"*The reply of the National Company to Mr. Simpson's note, was insultingly ungrateful.*"

(By the way, some one steals our Post half the time, or it is not sent as usual.)

English Theatricals.

The Liverpool brings us little theatrical news, but such items of interest as we have seen may be found below. Miss TREE's reception at the Haymarket must have been exceedingly gratifying to her, and for once the London critics do not think a residence in America has injured the beauty and finish of their own favorite. All the papers are loud in praise of her *Ion*, *Viola*, and other characters.

What they think abroad of our HACKETT the reader may see by an extract which we have made from a Brighton paper. We can now safely assert, that it is in our power to furnish the London stage with some equivalent for the talent which we derive from it. In tragedy we have Miss CLIFTON and FORREST—in comedy, HACKETT and HILL, JIM CROW, *and* Mr. RICE—in wild beasts, VAN AMBURGH! When some of our "young things" grow a little taller, we can make a large addition to this list.

MR. HACKETT.

Mr. Hackett, whom we may with great truth call "the great American actor," made his first appearance at the Brighton Theatre on Thursday last, concluding a brief engagement of three nights on Saturday; and we are really concerned to add, that we have never known an instance in which such marked neglect of great talent has been shown by our Brighton public. This is to us a source of exceeding regret on many accounts, not the least of which is the report which will necessarily be spread to the disadvantage of the town, deterring others of real merit from visiting us, and from incurring the risk of a similarly discourteous reception. On Saturday Mr. Hackett played Sir John Falstaff, and repeated the characters of Colonel Nimrod Wildfire, and Monsieur Mallet, in which he appeared on Thursday. Though in different and distinct walks of the drama, he excelled in all; and so accomplished is his art, that it was impossible to trace any lines of resemblance of either two of the three characters. A spectator who had not a bill before him would have, without doubt, concluded that the parts were sustained by three different actors; so perfect was the change of features, tone, style, and manner of Mr. Hackett. His Falstaff is the best, we believe, now to be seen on the British stage, his Colonel Wildfire (a pure Kentuckian) is without a competitor, and his Monsieur Mallet is certainly one of the most finished, and, at the same time, effective pieces of acting on the stage. That such merit should be doomed to a cold neglect, must be a source of deep regret to every lover of the drama and admirer of genuine talents; and we, therefore hope, that should Mr. Hackett be induced to pay this place a second visit—of which, however, we have not at this moment the remotest expectation—the inhabitants, by flocking in great numbers to see him and do him honor—which we are sure they will not fail to do if they do but witness his performances, will purge themselves of the stigma which now rests on them, of having been guilty of gross neglect to one of the few ornaments who grace the stage of the present day. The Brighton audience appear to be equally indifferent to strangers and old acquaintances; for on Monday night Mr. Farren drew but an indifferent house for the great talent which he possesses. We trust that as he remains here for the week, he will meet with better success. Mr. Farren is one of those sterling actors whom we always see with pleasure; but although on Monday we felt great admiration for his correct appreciation of the character of Charles XII., and the natural petulance which he threw into Mr. Sowerby, we must confess he did not appear in the best of moods. Brighton Guardian.

THE HAYMARKET.

On Tuesday night, Sept. 3, Miss Ellen Tree made her first appearance since her return from America, in Shakspeare's comedy of "Twelfth Night." Her welcome was tremendous, and probably the Haymarket was never before so crowded. Every part of the house was crammed from the opening, and the moment Ellen Tree came forward there were successive bursts of cheers, which followed each other volley after volley for several minutes. This test of popularity had the effect of very much unnerving the charming actress whom it was meant to compliment, and accordingly her acting all through the part of Viola was kept down and subdued, and did not display the energy of which she is capable. Yet she was always graceful, and performed her part with a refined delicacy which made itself felt in motion even when her most mellifluous voice became inaudible to her listeners. At the close of the comedy she was loudly called for, and on coming forward was received with acclamations, all the pit rising, and the gentlemen waving their hats all the house through. Bouquets, too, and wreaths, were thrown upon the stage, and the poor lady was completely overwhelmed with the enthusiasm of her reception. The whole comedy was admirably cast. Farren's Malvolio was exceedingly droll—a little too fantastic, perhaps, but yet irresistibly comic. Cooper's Orsino was quiet and correct. Buckstone played Sir Andrew Aguecheek with quaintness and cleverness, and was altogether effective in his part. Webster "played the fool" to the life, and ran through the jests with piquant point and emphasis. Miss Taylor was the Olivia. After the comedy, Haines's drama of "The Ransom" was performed, in which Ellen Tree took her former celebrated part of Pauline, which she sustained with exquisite pathos, and at its conclusion was again called for, and again cheered to the echo. A wreath was thrown to her, which was taken up and presented by Cooper, who had played the part of the President Montesquieu with no small spirit and power. "Nicholas Flam" concluded the performances.

Observer.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

This house was opened at half past four o'clock on Monday afternoon, for the first exhibition of a tournament, which Mr. Ducrow, to comply with the prevailing rage, has produced. However, there was no attempt to pourtray the modern feats of Englinton, nor did the gallant Mr. Widdicombe, or the chivalric Signor Hillier, endeavor to personate the Earl of Eglinton or the Marquis of Waterford, but the tournament represented the one described in "Ivanhoe," and the characters introduced were taken from, or at least resembled those of, the romance. The *ensemble* of the tournament scene was very well managed; two platforms ran from the stage to the ring, and thus the whole was converted into a large arena for the "passage of arms," the back scene representing Prince John's pavilion and the assembled spectators. Tiltings with the lance, in which real champions were disarmed, or gently unhorsed, and stuffed knights hurled from their steeds with violence; combats with the sword on horse and foot; a wager of battle contested with the two-handed sword, and the general *melée*, in which one knight had his horse knocked down under him, and standing on its body, beat off all opponents These were the feats performed on the stage and in the ring; and, set off as they were by the general grouping, the brilliancy of the armor, and the variety of devices, they told exceedingly well, and drew shouts of applause from the audience. A new elephant made its first appearance on the occasion; and these novelties, combined with the usual equestrian performances, drew a crowded audience to this favorite theatre.

London is now a deserted city. You may fire a cannon down Pall mall without more injury than knocking down a stray Radical, looking in ecstacy upon the rising edifice of New Slaughter's Club House. With the exception of the Haymarket, the suburbians are the only play-goers. Ducrow and Davidge are doing their wonderfuls. The Tournament and Tom Cooke draw like dray-horses, and all the world over the water are as busy as magpies in a quagmire. The Surrey Zoological is really a grand sight. The wild animals and the tame animals are so well blended together; the beautiful birds with their snowy plumage, and the beautiful girls with their showy dresses; Mount Hecla with its volcanic eruption, and the Bude light illuminating a mile in circumference. Well, Surrey is the only place for a bit of real life just now. The Coburg is re-decorating, we perceive, but whether it is to be re-opened by Jews, or Turks, Mahometans, or Christians, we have not yet ascertained. At Covent Garden Madame Vestris—Mathews, we mean—never mind, Vestris it must be—is making grand preparations for the opening day. The theatre has undergone, not the purification of the Virgin, but a thorough purification by Madame; the house is to be completely re-decorated; the scenery, by the Grieves, will be all new and effective; and the wardrobe and properties have undergone the process of resurrection and received absolution; in short, every exertion is to be made here to ensure success. Vestris will, we hear, confine her performances to opera, comedy, ballet, and vaudeville, and in this she is right, leaving tragedy to her rival of old Drury, if he can pick up a company to play it decently. Already the announce is out, and the time fixed for the opening of both houses; and, as Ned Shuter used to say to his merryman at Bartholomew Fair, "Blow the trumpet, Barney; here's a list of all the performers of both the great houses, of maidens and madams, of mesdames and their spouses."

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

WILL OPEN FOR THE SEASON ON SATURDAY THE 28TH INST., WITH THE FOLLOWING COMPANY.

Mads. C. Mathews,		E. Phillips	J. Vining	A. Giubelei
Nesbitt		E. Tree	C. Mathews	T. Mathews
Orger	Messrs.	Anderson	J. Bland	J. C. Smith
Lee		Cooper	Brougham	Selby
Humby		Bartley	Binge	W. Farren
C. Jones		Harley	Granby	W. H. Payne
Rainforth		Meadows	F. Mathews	Fitzjames
Macnamara		Keeley	W. Harrison	Emden
Charles		T. Green	Boisragan	(*Prompter*)

With an efficient Ballet and Chorus. Bishop, Musical Director.

Miss E. Tree is engaged for 24 nights before, and 24 nights after Christmas.

THE THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE

WILL COMMENCE ITS SEASON UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF W. J. HAMMOND, ESQ., ON THE 14TH OF OCT., WITH THE FOLLOWING COMPANY.

Mads. Rophino Lacy	Messrs. J. Wallack	Oxberry	Frazer
(Her 1st appearance)	G. Bennett	Addison	C. White*
Betts	Elton	(From the Eng. Op.)	P. Bedford
Daly	Waldron	F. Vining	Howell
Stanley	Stewart	J. Lee	Hughes
Harrington	(From Liverpool)	T. Lee	Parsloe
Pettefer	G. V. Brookes	Brindal	(Prompter)
Waylett	(From Dublin)	Baker	A. Lee
Selby	W. J. Hammond	Duruset	(Musical Director)
Tyrers	Compton	Vernon†	Fenton
Mordaunt	W. Bennett	Leffler	F. Sutton
Cooper	Ray	J Hatton	H. Marsden

* From Bath.—Tenor. † Tenor.—Pupil of T. Welsh

An offer has been made to Miss H. Faucit, Mrs. Warner, and Mr. Macready, to join at the termination of the present Haymarket season, but nothing further on the subject is known. London Argus, Sept. 15.

Van Amburgh is to proceed directly to St. Petersburgh the moment his engagement shall have expired in Paris. The treaty was signed on Monday between him and a secretary of the Russian Embassy. Van Amburgh is to receive in St. Petersburgh 1,900 rubles per night. The Emperor will pay part of the expence out of his own private funds.

Sheridan Knowles is returned from a two months' residence in Scotland, where he has been occupied in writing a play for Covent Garden Theatre. Miss Tree will perform the principal character in the drama.

ECONOMY.

Frank, who will any friend supply,
Lent me ten guineas—"Come," said I,
"Give me a pen—it is but fair
You take my note." Quoth he, "Hold there;
Jack, to the cash I've bid adieu,
No need to waste my paper too."

Men and Women.—A woman's head is always influenced by her heart; but a man's heart is generally influenced by his head.

Admiration.—Those who are formed to win general admiration, are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness.

Love.—Love cannot exist in the heart of a woman unless modesty is its companion, nor in that of a man unless honor is its associate.

The Price of Liberty.—"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance;" as the debtor said when the constable was following in his footsteps.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies, the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

☞ Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest Mails, to its different Subscribers throughout the Union the Canadas, and Texas, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission by Ship, to Foreign Ports. Subscribers in Great Britain, France, and the British West India Islands, can rely upon receiving their papers with as much regularity as if residents of this country.

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E L Garvin, Printer.